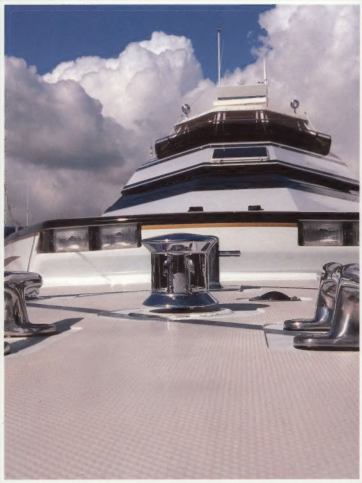


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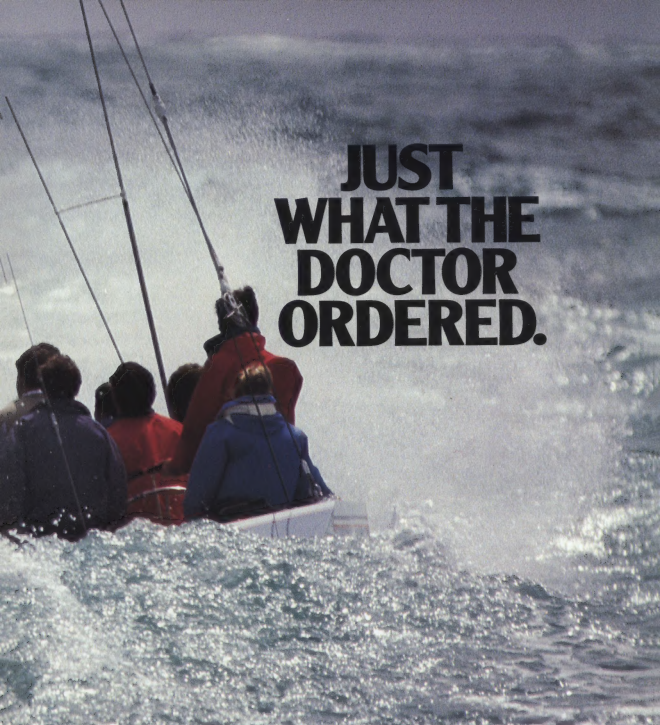
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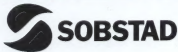




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The new Halter 74 sportfisherman. By Michael Belk



GABRIEL TERRY

On board Matador during the
1986 Newport Maxi series.



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NO SUCH LUCK

Bobby Orr squinted as he stared into a bright, late-afternoon sunfield beyond the transom of *That's My Hon*, Ted Sabarese's handsome new 90-foot Lydia sportfisherman. Every few seconds Orr's hands shot out to one of the two port-side fishing reels he was tending, stripping or reeling line to keep his kite-strung baits in perfect position. In sailfishing that means keeping the live baits no deeper than six inches, a difficult task even in perfect conditions. But differentiating between a fleck of foam and a dangling bait 100 yards astern in a four-foot sea and a vicious sunfield is next to impossible. Still, the tougher conditions became, the harder Orr worked at his bait-tending. The fish, of course, didn't know they were being hunted by the man many consider the best player ever to strap on hockey skates, but they acted as if they were fans. Time and again Orr seemed to be sitting in the lucky seat when fish rose to a bait.

At first glance those who excel often are seen simply as being luckier than most. They're the ones who always seem to have fish under their boats or to be on the right side of the course when the wind shifts. But I am convinced that we make our own luck. It's those who don't know the formula for luck who are fatalistic about it.

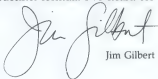
My pal Victor Alexander of Provincetown, Massachusetts, is the best fisherman I know. For years I envied his good fortune. Finally I stopped feeling sorry for myself and started studying his methodical fishing techniques. Victor, I discovered, spends as much time researching his equipment purchases as most people spend on their stock portfolios. Even his hooks are specially ordered. He changes his line as often as he changes socks, and his baits always are bigger and livelier than anyone else's. Luck? Hardly. He'll wake up at dawn and drive an extra 80 miles just to have the freshest bait.

Dennis Conner is another yachtsman who makes a mockery of the notion of luck. No skipper tests his sails and gear and trains his crew as thoroughly and as religiously as Conner. There is boat speed and there is preparation. And if you can't do anything about hull speed, as Conner proved to the world in 1983, you can still be competitive by being better prepared. At this writing Conner has won the challenge series against the highly-favored Kiwis and will race against the Australians for the America's Cup. None of the smart money is betting against him.

Back on *That's My Hon*, Orr had just lost the second of the three fish that had risen to his bait that day. Anger and frustration etched his still-boyish face as he left the cockpit. He listened intently as a crew member explained to him a fine point of sailfishing. He asked several questions and then studied the mates as they rigged his lines. He's been big-game fishing for only three years, and he knows that losing fish is part of the game, perhaps the only way to gain experience. He jokes about luck, but in three days of fishing not once does he blame luck, or the lack of it, for losing a fish. Watching Orr fish, I could imagine him on the practice ice perfecting his slap shot and his patented, whirling breakout moves long after his teammates had retired to the showers.

There's an old Persian proverb that, loosely translated, states: "Luck is infatuated with the efficient." Emerson said it better: "Shallow men believe in luck."

One thing that Conner, Alexander and Orr have in common is the seemingly inordinate attention they pay to the details of their sporting pursuits. Another thing they share is their uncommon success. There is, I believe, a strong relationship between the two. Some things truly are beyond our control—the unpredictable behavior of others, the weather, perhaps, or the "acts of God" in our insurance policies—although the list shrinks considerably on contemplation. People like Conner, Alexander and Orr are able to concentrate on the things they can control and allow the larger issues to take care of themselves. They leave as little as humanly possible to chance. And that is the most succinct formula I've heard for manufacturing luck.



Jim Gilbert



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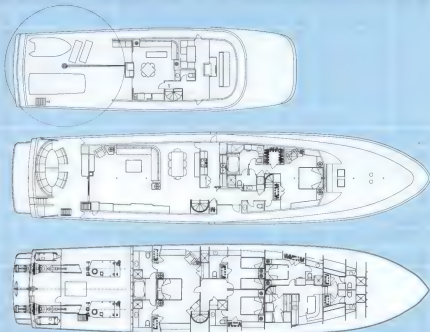
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Tom's convinced he got more than he bargained for. With his wife Patricia as navigator, he sailed *Diane* to second in Class A in the highly contested New England PHRF Championship (95 boat fleet). The boat is faster than ever, whether racing or cruising, and Tom describes the silence when hoisting or lowering the sail as almost "eerie."

If you're looking for an easier way to go sailing but still enjoy performance, let us quote you on a StackPack. Find out why Warren Brown ordered a Doyle fully-battened main for his S&S 61' *WarBaby* for her journey to Antarctica, why *Biscuits Lu* and *Spirit of Sydney* ordered the same for the BOC single-handed race around the world, and why Don Street ordered a StackPack for his Caribbean cruising.

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Handwoven Turks Head Bracelets in fourteen or eighteen karat gold.

Creating solid gold turks head jewelry occurred to me the moment I saw my child's nylon string bracelet of the same design. Perfecting the concept during the next few years was a more difficult project than anticipated, including a period when the idea was shelved and considered impossible. Finally, after determining the exact characteristics needed to draw and twist the gold wire, the perfect handwoven turks head was a reality.

I have found this very old design in various forms, including wood, ivory, stone and illustrated by Leonardo da Vinci, but to the best of my knowledge, we were the first to achieve this apparent endless weave in solid gold. The four strand bracelet

requires twenty-four feet of gold wire. All bracelets are individually woven, therefore, no two are exactly alike.

Two Strand Bracelet	14kt \$ 990	18kt \$1400
Three Strand Bracelet	14kt \$1540	18kt \$1870
Four Strand Bracelet	14kt \$1980	18kt \$2400


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Please call or write for our catalogue, containing turks head rings, earrings and necklaces. Other gold jewelry includes the Little Dipper in perfectly proportioned diamonds, sextants, monkey fists, anchor chains, dolphins, propellers, sailboats and more.

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D I A S H I P



*The shortest distance between
two points is in a Diaship.*

IF SAILORS ARE INDIVIDUALS, SHOULD BOATS BE CLONES?

We are advised that the cruising sailor is a 45-year-old male with 1.7 children, 2.2 boats and 24 years of blue water experience. Curiously, we've never met this gentleman.

In our experience, sailors interested in fine yachts are about as unrepentantly individualistic as society is prepared to withstand. For instance, of the first ten Little Harbor 44's launched, no two shared the same layout. Some were built as sybaritic center-cockpit cruisers. Others traditional aft-cockpit cruiser/racers. Yet, every owner remains convinced that his is the only 44 done properly. And so it is, for him.

Johann Sebastian Bach wrote that creative freedom flourishes only in an environment of order. One might say that Fredrick E. Hood took a note from the maestro's score. You see, Ted enjoys working directly with Little Harbor's customers to realize *their* dreams within *his* standards of design.

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Little Harbor is involved in six designs (44', 50', 53', 62', 75', and 90'), with infinite production and one-off possibilities.

LITTLE HARBOR
— FORTY-FOUR —

YACHTS OF IMPORTANCE.

STAG CRUISE

The Stag Cruise originated in 1958 when Denny Jordan, vice commodore of San Francisco's St. Francis Yacht Club, and Leo Benzini, of Long Beach, cooked up a plan to hold stag cruises yearly in Northern or Southern California to bring yachtsmen from both areas together more often. The inaugural event took place on Lost Isle, a commercial resort four miles east of Tinsley Island in the Sacramento Delta region. Five boats attended with 49 participants. It was such a knockout that Benzini admitted they could never match it down south.

Rarely publicized but often mentioned in boating circles, it is now the biggest and best event of its kind. "I met you at the Stag Cruise" is one of the most effective reminders one yachtsman can give another about their shared past. It arouses memories of lavish spreads of gourmet food and drink; days spent ardently pursuing volleyball, dominoes, boccie, dinghy racing, horseshoes and liar's dice; evenings filled with theatrical productions and big-band sounds stretching into the wee hours.

For those who have never attended, the cruise has the mystique of an Olympian retreat where captains of industry and boating retire for a weekend of power-broking and deal-making. In fact, it is a place and time when introductions are made, contacts established. Informality reigns. Anyone can approach the likes of Bill Lapworth to talk about hull shapes, or Dennis Conner to discuss America's Cup racing, or Dick Bertram to inquire about the latest in powerboat designs.

With their early success, the St. Francis members soon wanted a more permanent summer home. They discovered that Tinsley Island



was for sale for \$10,500. How the transaction took place remains cloudy, a subject of controversy among club members to this day. According to the club's April 1961 newsletter, an 11-member syndicate purchased the land. Their names later were inscribed on a plaque on the island.

Jordan, who owned the 73-foot yawl *Boiero* at the time and served as commodore in 1959 and 1960, remembers differently. He says the club borrowed the money from several members, himself included, after a raucous annual meeting in February 1959. About half of those gathered at the event favored the acquisition and the other half, mostly non-boatowners, opposed it. The debate had lasted three hours when Commodore Jordan called for a voice vote. The "nays" appeared to outweigh the "yeas," he recalls with a chuckle, but he overruled them amidst howls of derision.

Jordan defends his actions, saying that without Tinsley Island and

the Stag Cruise, which contributes a considerable sum to the St. Francis coffers, the club would not be as vital as it is today. Membership has risen from fewer than 400 in the late 1950s to 2,300 today. Jordan credits much of that growth to Tinsley Island. Its 40 acres of dense willow brush, marsh and tules were developed enough for the 1959 Stag Cruise, which drew 106 members and guests.

The island received its most distinctive piece of architecture, the Southampton Shoals Lighthouse, the following summer. Built in 1905, the structure marked a shallow section of San Francisco Bay north of Angel Island but was due to be replaced by an automatic station. According to Jordan, the original estimate for cutting the lighthouse off its foundation and towing it up river was \$28,000. The club could not afford that. But a phone call from tugboat company owner Tom Crowley offering to do the job for free started another round of intense negotiations. Alameda boat-builder Lester Stone, also a St. Francis member, was even called upon to appeal to his childhood sweetheart, a member of the family that owned a floating derrick company. In the end, the tab came to \$2,000.

In addition to Denny Jordan and Stockton yacht builder Theo Stephens, musician Walt Tolleson is the only other club member who has attended every Stag Cruise. His *entrée* to the first cruise was a one a.m. phone call asking him and his band to play the next day. One of the Stag Cruise traditions belongs to Tolleson. Following a thundering cannonade from the lighthouse, he and his Dixieland jazz band—fortified with gin fizz—tour the har-

The In The Wind drawings in this issue are a series called "Daydreams" by Susan LeVan.

bor by boat each morning at seven, tooting out such standards as "Oh What a Beautiful Morning!" and "When the Saints Go Marching In."

For Kimball Livingston, morning at Tinsley has its own special appeal. A Ramos fizz in hand, he comes ashore early to scale the lighthouse and watch the dawn.

"The Delta is incredibly beautiful," he says. "Shades of red glow across the tule fog, pierced by the masts of the boats in the anchorage. The Stag Cruise is perhaps the only time that I allow myself the indulgence to drink that early in the day, and the alcohol adds its own rosy fringes to the spectacle."

"The Stag Cruise is one hell of a bash," says club member Steve Taft, a sailmaker and one of the top IOR sailors on the international circuit. "It's difficult to eat and drink that much for two days. You really have to learn how to pace yourself if you're going to make it."

Several attendees point out that the consumption of spirits has actually declined in recent years, partly due to the social trend toward healthfulness. Sobriety was an issue for the cruise organizers from the beginning. "One of the nasty things reported about the Stag Cruise by people who did not attend," Denny Jordan said about the early outings, "was that it was nothing but a big drunk. The committee had to combat this rumor." To keep everyone sober, the bartenders are instructed not to put too much liquor in each drink. While the Stag Cruise is not a Sunday School meeting, those who attend are expected to act like gentlemen.

Those who act up receive letters of reprimand written by the club secretary. For some, the missive is a memento of their cruises. At least one recipient displays his on his office wall. Perhaps the most unique letter was written by secretary Leonard Delmas to a dozen malfeasants, including himself.

"The board of directors asked me if I had sent them to all the offenders," recalls Delmas, who later

served as commodore. "I said that I had, and no one ever broke a smile."

— SHIMON-CRAIG VAN COLLIE

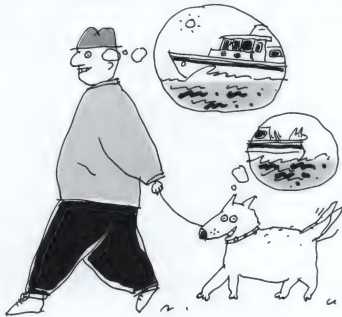
69 LONG WHARF

If you walk around the imposing structure of the Marriott Long Wharf on Boston Harbor and down the row of unassuming gray buildings behind it, eventually you will find the 20-year-old design firm of C. Raymond Hunt Associates. Its namesake, Ray Hunt, often is remembered for such revolutionary contributions to the pleasure boating world as the deep-vee powerboat and the 13-foot and 16-foot Boston Whalers. Many people have forgotten that he also was responsible for such memorable sailing craft as the 110 and 210 day racers, a new design for the Olympic 5.5 meter and the now-legendary Concordia yawls. It's an understandable lapse of memory when you consider the extraordinary breadth of this list,

particularly its combination of power and sail.

One glimpse of the reception area at 69 Long Wharf makes it clear that, eight years after Ray Hunt's death, his eclectic tradition still is alive and well. Scattered among the powerboat photographs on the wall are images of the Cal 22 and 28, and of the O'Day 322 and 272 sailboats. Their peaceful coexistence on the office walls reveals a deeper truth about the marriage of power and sail at C. Raymond Hunt Associates: Not only do they design production boats for clients of both worlds, but many of their private clients are actually making the transition from sail to power.

Ask John Deknatel, president of C. Raymond Hunt Associates, about his business, and he is likely to begin by talking about custom boats. Most of his clients, he says, are experienced yachtsmen who have had many boats. Many are sailors looking for a tender. Some have decided to leave racing behind but stay on the water. According to Deknatel, all of them seem to want



BENTLEY. THE CLOSEST A CAR CAN COME TO HAVING WINGS.



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It's no coincidence that the Bentley logo sports wings. It's been an appropriate symbol of Bentley performance throughout 65 years of automotive history.

In the 20's and 30's, Bentley was a frequent visitor to the winner's circle at Le Mans and Brooklands. Today's version, the Bentley 8, is every bit as triumphant.

The Bentley 8 engine is a substantial 6.75 litres with an 8-to-1 compression ratio and electronically controlled continuous fuel injection. It will certainly get you out and about.

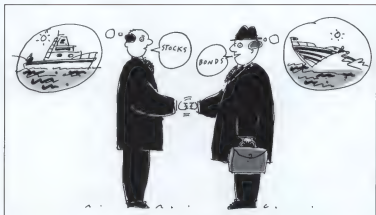
What's most astonishing about the 8, however, is that a car this grand and glorious can be so nimble and quick. You don't quite expect its hard, firm cornering stance. The feel of the ride defies description, particularly at high speeds. Which the Bentley 8 is very wont to do.

Of course, underlying all its engineering attributes is Bentley's historic sense of elegance and restraint. Bentley is manufactured by Rolls-Royce. Assurance enough that the particulars are particularly exemplary.

The Bentley 8, at \$89,900*, is for people who want something on a higher plane than the top European imports. If you're interested in that pleasantly lofty position, stop into a Bentley dealer for a test flight.

*MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE. TITLE, TAXES, TRANSPORTATION, REGISTRATION, ETC., ADDITIONAL.





the same sort of thing, a boat that is "yachty, salty and functional," one that combines aesthetics with performance.

These are not the white, multi-deck boats of Florida. For one thing, they have an obvious functional aspect and a quality that is, well, dignified. They are the kind of powerboats on which a sailor could actually feel at home. They are traditional and in keeping with a New England design firm and the kinds of clients it would naturally attract. The word "conservative" seems apt until John Deknatel talks about what makes them go.

Arneson drives and water jets on many Hunt-designed boats provide the kind of state-of-the-art performance a sailor — particularly a racing sailor — would demand out of a yacht. And you won't find much conservatism in the way these boats are constructed either. Take *Whisper VII*, for example. Hollis Baker, an experienced yachtsman, wanted a light boat, which would require less horsepower, and shallow draft. With a displacement of about 40,000 pounds, this 57-footer makes more than 30 knots on twin 425-horsepower engines with Arneson drives.

Although the million-dollar price tag of a 60-foot custom boat may put off many prospective buyers, the trickle-down theory seems to have a place in Hunt design. Deknatel explains that his company ex-

amines the patterns that develop in the needs of custom boat clients and uses this information to develop designs for a more general market. "What we like to do is to find powerboat concepts for people who are sailboat oriented but who can't find what they want for various reasons. We've begun to get a little insight into what these people are looking for — and ultimately we try to find a way to take that and make some production boats."

— GENOA SHEPLEY

MAN OVERBOARD!

I was alone on watch early in the morning. The sun had just risen into a cloudless sky. The yacht was sailing fast, with twin staysails spread to the trade wind, rolling through the ocean with a long, easy gait. I was forward by the mast on my morning check of the deck, gazing up at the white sails arching high above me, at the taut symmetry of rope and wire and canvas, on the lookout for chafe or any wear or tear. The early light was iridescent, tinging the sails a soft pink; flying fish skimmed the wave tops; dolphins leaped and dived, threading their lithe shapes round and under the yacht's forefoot.

The yacht gave a sudden lurch, a twist to the rhythm of her motion,

and for a moment I lost my balance. As I stepped back against the lifeline she gave a quick roll the other way. I flung out my arms, groping wildly for any solid thing. Then I was over, tumbling backwards head-first into the turbulence of the yacht's bow wave. I remember the feeling of alarm welling up within me.

I broke surface again, saw the opaque, shining sides sliding past, reached upwards and grasped the yacht's rail. The water tore at my body, my shoes and my clothing, dragging me backwards and downwards. She rolled away from me. There was a drumming in my ears. I tried to shout, but no shout came. I held until my arms stretched and my fingers cracked. She rolled again, immersing me again. Slowly, deliberately, my hands were wrenched free of the rail.

I broke surface again to see the stern, the yacht's name in gold letters and the taffrail log swing past. The log line was my last chance. I swam a few strokes, found it close to the surface, clutched at it with both hands.

Again the sea dragged and tore at me. The thin line slipped in my hands, pulled through my grasp with overwhelming force, burning and cutting deep.

For a moment I held fast, the line twisted round my forearm. I raised my head to shout; the sea smashed into my face, my eyes, my mouth. The log line stretched bar-tight, vibrating like a guitar string; I could see the fitting on the taffrail bend towards me. The line broke with a dull, resonant twang.

Suddenly I was still, and the world was quiet. The yacht's trim form grew smaller and receded. I filled my lungs and shouted, but the sound of my voice was lost in the ocean, a tiny, puny cry sent into an empty wilderness, scattered by the wind.

The fight was over; there was peace. Soon the yacht was far away, poised on the summit of a long Atlantic swell. I could see her diminished shape in relief against the sky,



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now in the trough, her sails bisected by the ocean, now gone. I tasted the salt in my mouth, felt the cling of the sea round my body, caught the early sun on my upturned face. The sea was warm, almost caressing now. I kicked off my shoes, allowed the broken line to slip through my fingers, watched it snake away, carried by its rotator down and forever down through the darkening shadows of the ocean.

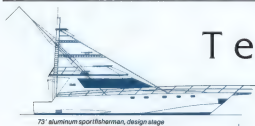
I settled myself to drown. I remember being overcome by a profound peace. Hope was gone, replaced by a calm acceptance. It was a good way to go. I lay on my back, gazing at the pale heaven above, without regret, without rancor, without remorse. I had lived well; I would die well.

I imagined my body prey to the life of the ocean. Sea creatures would thrive on me as I had thrived on them; there was a ready justice

in it. With a kind of detachment, I thought of the people I knew and loved as if I were already a paragraph in an obituary. They would accept my death as I accepted it, sadly perhaps, but without bitterness. I believed I had no enemies; my friends would forget in weeks, months, years.

I was at peace. It was as much as a man can do with his life to leave it in peace, all problems shelved at a stroke. I was prepared, even happy, to accept the inexplicable experience of my own death.

Aboard the yacht, one of my friends woke up and came out of the cabin to find the deck deserted, the log line broken. For a moment, not believing what he saw, he looked about the deck, forward, aft, below, the comprehension of disaster slowly gaining on his consciousness. Then he shouted, "Man overboard!" Then, more urgently,



73' aluminum sportfisherman, design stage

Technology



S A C H S E

"Quick, for Christ's sake, man overboard—he's gone!"

They tumbled from their bunks, half asleep, befuddled, the truth slowly taking hold of their minds. It took half an hour to turn the yacht on the wind, to dismantle the trade wind gear. Twins down, guys taken off and stowed, mainsail set, staysail hoisted, runners taken up, sheets pinned in, helm put down. The easy trade wind motion was replaced by the crash and tumble of water on the deck and the creak and strain of a sailing vessel hard on the wind.

One man climbed aloft with binoculars and perched on the lower spreader; one plotted the track, taking the yacht in a zigzag, no more than five minutes on each tack, to cover the ground over a reciprocal course. One steered, keeping the compass course with all his concentration. They knew it was a slender

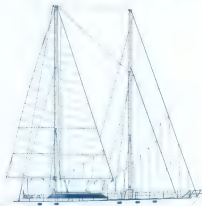
chance that they would see a figure in the vast ocean. They searched the bleak seascape and cursed their comrade for not wearing a safety harness or a lifejacket. They were gripped by fear, the terrible apprehension of sudden bereavement.

I have only a hazy recollection of what passed through my mind as I trod water in the warm sea. I believe it felt like being in a garden on a summer's day, the mind at rest, soul slumbering, at ease. After an hour I looked up from this calm contemplation and, far away, saw the white tip of the yacht's sail. It appeared like a fantasy, a quirk of imagination dancing among the ocean swells, up and down, in and out, behind, round and above the uneven waves. I turned in the water and looked away, my mind suddenly in disorder. Surely all was settled. What was this new confusion? I turned again, and again I



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saw the white sail, far away like a white dream. At once my peace and serenity, the fearless acceptance of my fate, the deep quietude of my mind, were shattered.

Now I wanted only to live. The fight started again, and I wanted to win it. I struggled to keep myself afloat for just another few minutes, cursed that I had not the strength to shout louder, to lift my body higher out of the sea.

I remember I blasphemed against my friends on the yacht. The ignorant bastards were on the wrong tack. They were going farther from me; the sail was getting smaller. The hopeless, useless, blind idiots, had they not the wit to come about? "Damn their eyesight," I shouted, "damn them, damn them to hell!" Half in delirium I saw the yacht come round on the other tack and sail toward me again. "Come on," I cried, "come on, for Christ's sake, come on!"

Now I thought only of the joys of living and eating and sleeping and of all the warmth of life. I wanted to have it with every part of my being. The yacht came closer. Now I could see the hull as she lifted gracefully to the long swells, could see the spray flying over her bow, could see the man aloft.

My ordeal was over. I let out a last croaking shout that would bring them to me, raised my hand for the final wave that would guide them alongside. I could see the yacht clearly now, her white hull lifting on the seas, throwing the waves from her bow, heeled to the wind, all taut and confident. I imagined strong arms reaching down for me, grasping my body in a firm, friendly grip, heaving and struggling until I was on board. I wanted to feel their arms round me, to look up into their anxious faces. Soon I would be below in the warmth and luxury of the cabin, joking with my friends, thanking them with my eyes. Then the yacht came round and stood away on the other tack.

What were they doing? What were they thinking of? Were they

playing with me? Mocking me? Joking my life away? I shouted again, a weak splutter. Cruel, cynical, perverted bastards; would they drive me insane? Was there no end to this treachery?

Once again I despaired of life, but this time with bitterness and hatred in my soul. I was dying with a black heart, my own friends drowning me for their pleasure. I remember that I turned away from the white sails, my soul full of anger. I lay on my back, the sea splashing over my face, my breath weak. The fight was gone from me, and the peace had gone; only the acid flavor of defeat was left.

They told me there was a look of pain on my twisted countenance when they found me, hauled me on board, expelled the water from my lungs and forced back the air of life. They gave me brandy. I slept and woke to tell this tale.

—FRANK MUILVILLE

ISLAND IN THE DREAM

One day, as in a dream, the island appeared. It was small — a hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. It had a low slope all around and, from broadside, resembled the Confederacy's ironclad *Merrimac*. The top of the dry, rocky island was level. In its center stood three tall palm trees. Three days earlier there had been no island at all.

It was late in 1980. It had taken Forbes Kiddo, a 42-year-old houseboat builder, seven years and \$800,000 in materials to create his own 700-ton floating island. It took him three days to launch and anchor it in San Francisco Bay off Sausalito. He did not register the island with anyone, either as a boat or as a home. He just towed it out into the harbor, moored it with steel cables and moved in.



The island's exterior is mostly dry and rocky and sloped. On it are a tiny waterfall and a small pool. Two fierce dogs roam the plateau. But the inside of the island, well below the waterline, is comfortable. Here opulence reigns: Fifteen rooms, three staterooms, a wine cellar, a 600-square-foot salon appointed with fine woods, mirrors, brass, Persian rugs, a fireplace, a chess table, a grand piano and an English pipe organ.

Fish, seen through the thick windows, swim outside the walls. Around the island Kiddo constructed a net-enclosed aquarium, stocked it with indigenous marine life and lit the water.

He installed an airlock so that, with scuba gear, he can leave and return to the island underwater. There is a self-contained sewage system, an electrical generator and a 60,000-gallon water tank.

Kiddo is a burly, black-bearded man with calloused hands. His father was a carpenter, and Kiddo always has worked with his hands. He has taught himself to play classical music, and sometimes when the mood is right he will sit like Jules Verne's famous captain at the organ and play for his guests. One of his guard dogs is even named Nemo.

But no man is an island, they say, and many of his neighbors don't like Kiddo. Some of Sausalito's landed gentry say he's illegally moored. They're miffed because he's not paying property taxes. The Marin County marine inspector agrees with them, but has taken no action against Kiddo. One permit inspector just laughed. "It's a most unusual situation," he said. "I don't know of anyone who has ever created an island. This is such a novel craft I'm not exactly sure how we should approach it." But even Sausalito's more radical elements have little regard for Kiddo, viewing him as an ostentatious capitalist. To which Kiddo replies, "I'm sick of that hippie crap out there."

"Anyway, if I had waited for all



the paperwork before launching, it never would've happened. Now, if things go to hell, I can always move it elsewhere."

Meanwhile, he is planning other islands to be located around the world and sold to vacationers on a time-sharing basis.

Some think it will work. Some think he's dreaming.

— MARK HAZARD OSMUN

WILLIE

I was once diverted by the ill winds of flu and chance to sail into Colombia at a port called Buenaventura, which despite its name is the universe's nethermost outpost.

As I docked, a small, elderly, entirely disreputable-looking ragamuffin approached me. He called himself Willie and claimed to be an American citizen whose papers had

mysteriously disappeared. Willie offered a large menu of services in exchange for what he claimed was a modest fee. I felt sure he was hustling me, so I coldly turned him away. Besides, he was altogether too ratty-looking to represent me to the authorities.

As befits the proper skipper of a proper yacht, I sought out the port officials and made my way to the office of a man whose door proclaimed him Captain of the Port. Colombian flags draped the office, and photographs of every person in Colombia at least one step above him in the hierarchy adorned his walls. He was taking no chances. He received me courteously. I explained that illness had caused me to dock in Buenaventura. I needed a physician and would be on my way in a day or two.

He expressed sympathy for his *norteamericano* brother, summoned a physician and told me I would be



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GIORGIO ARMANI

put into the hands of his best agent, a man who could "make all things possible for me." As I departed I found I had grown an inch or two in my own self-esteem.

All too soon I discovered the Captain of the Port had only recently purchased his license and intended to recoup his entire investment from the first Yankee skipper to fall into his grasp. Me.

When the recommended agent (the brother of the Captain's sister, I later found out) visited my boat the next day, he apologetically told me there would be a "few minor, unavoidable charges too insignificant to discuss."

I smelled a rat.

Before the agent departed I pressed him for the exact extent of the "insignificant" charges. He urged me to wait till I was ready to leave so he could best arrange matters. The rat got smellier. When I insisted, he guessed it would be, "oh . . . uhm . . . not really much more than, all told mind you, not much more than \$2000 a day."

When later I complained to Willie, he drew himself up to his full bedraggled five feet. "Señor, a thousand pardons, but you are *un inocente*. I require only a little of your money; those bastards want it all!"

I hired Willie to be my guide,

mentor and deck guard. His ancient and shaky physique was no match for the hulking cutthroats who hovered about my vessel. But I felt I had done poor Willie an injustice and I owed him the job. He could use the money and, as he explained, he could use the *oportunidad* that went along with his position as guardian of my yacht.

Friends had warned me that if I did not submit to the cozenage and peculation of the "official" pirates, harbor thieves would strip me nightly. Since I could not afford to play the Captain's extortionist game, I hired Willie and resigned myself to pillage.

But within two hours after Willie came aboard, the circle of light-fingered gentry started to recede. By the next day the harbor thieves had disappeared. Indeed, small boats took extreme measures to detour around us. I watched Willie closely for some hint of his magic. All he seemed to do was lie about on deck, coughing a bit as was his wont, looking smug.

We had to stay a week in that terrible place, but we were as safe as in our mothers' arms. No one bothered us. No one approached us. Incredibly enough, no one even tried to beg from us. We were surrounded by Willie's mysterious force field.

When the time came to leave, I overpaid Willie and asked what he had done to intimidate the entire harbor. Being no fool, Willie smiled slyly, refused to divulge his secret and suggested that I advise all my American friends to seek him out for protection. I swore I would.

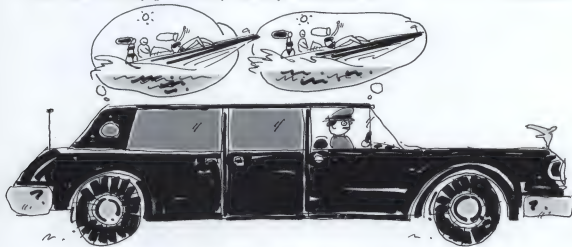
Customs officials and police cleared us for departure with unusual haste. Clearly they wanted us the hell out of their harbor. We waved goodbye to Willie.

About a mile off the coast the Colombian Navy descended on us and, at gunpoint, ordered us to stop for a search. We thought it was a belated look-see for cocaine. Since we were as free of drugs as Nancy Reagan's medicine cabinet, we welcomed them aboard . . . not that we had much choice.

The search was thorough. Twenty armed marines herded us onto the foredeck and, with exaggerated care, left no possible hiding place unplumbed. Hours later they trooped back to their ships, obviously relieved they had found nothing.

The whole episode was an unfathomable puzzle for me until, as the last non-com climbed aboard his boat, I heard him report to his officer, "Willie está loco. Los Americanos no tienen una bomba atómica."

—REESE PALLEY



PEERS

*Wharf rats,
sea dogs and
other waterfront
personas*

SPIDER ANDRESEN

photo by Jim Daniels

Sometimes principles demand a price. Back in the late 1960s, Spider Andresen was living a fantasy life. Winters he taught skiing and managed the mountain at Waterville Valley, New Hampshire. Summers he ran a charter fishing boat in Martha's Vineyard. When he and his wife, Sarah, decided they didn't enjoy being cold anymore, they moved their charter operation full-time to the Bahamas. Ultimately Spider decided he needed more of a challenge. He called a friend at *Salt Water Sportsman* magazine in Boston and asked if they needed any help. Six months later Spider was an associate editor.

The rest is history. In 1980 Spider and Rip Cunningham, another *Salt Water Sportsman* editor, bought the magazine from Hal Lyman, who had helped launch the magazine back in 1939. Spider now sports the title of publisher, while Rip is editor-in-chief. But those titles, Spider says, don't tell the whole story. "What we really do is fight full-time to rebuild our depleted fisheries stocks and run a magazine on the side."

They often battle government fisheries agencies, which traditionally have defended commercial over recreational fishing. But they also have had to battle fellow sportsmen. Rip is in hot water

in Massachusetts after coming out strongly in favor of saltwater fishing licenses.

And Spider recently was blackballed from his hometown Martha's Vineyard Bass and Bluefish Tournament. That happened after *Salt Water Sportsman* withdrew its sponsorship because the tourney refused to change to a catch-and-release format. Other sponsors quickly followed suit and the tournament ultimately was forced to change. "They blamed it all on me. Of course, they should have. But it still hurt because Martha's Vineyard is home, and a lot of my friends voted to blackball me."

But their efforts have had their rewards. Striped bass are making a comeback. Bluefin tuna stocks are on their way back up. And most of the big tournaments are now catch-and-release events.

Is *Salt Water Sportsman's* stock up, too? If you listen to the rumors it is. The New York Times Magazine Group has made several offers for the magazine. Rip and Spider also recently met with a successful Boston magazine publisher. The very next morning the phone was ringing off the hook. "Everyone seems to know about the sale of the magazine but us," Spider says. "We're just having a lot of fun now. The magazine is not actively for sale, but as in all things, if someone comes along with the right offer . . ."







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BRION TOSS

photo by Marty Loken

When he was three years old, Brion Toss mastered his first knot—tying his shoes. Ironically, it wasn't until he was in his early 20s that he realized to his horror it was the wrong knot. For all those years—including, strangely enough, several years as an expert knot tier—he had been tying a slip granny instead of a slip square knot. The difference? “A slip square,” he explains patiently, “lies athwart the shoe, the slip granny fore-and-aft.”

Known to the world as Mr. Knot, Toss is obsessed with knots and has been ever since he inadvertently opened a book full of them at the age of 18. His favorite knot? The constrictor. “It is the queen of knots. A lot of eyes pop when I demonstrate the constrictor. People don't know how useful it is. It clamps, it marks, it strangles! But that's not all! With the amazing constrictor, you can even make a turk's head. There are thousands of uses. It slices, dices and juliennes! But then you've heard this rap before.”

Toss makes his living in a tangential field—rigging. “In most yards the rigger is the guy who installs masts. I do the whole boat.” Mr. Knot was one of three riggers who strung three miles of standing

rigging and four of running rigging in the restoration of the 200-foot bark *Elissa*. And for six months he served as rigger aboard the 300-foot three-master, *Sea Cloud*. In addition he appeared in the PBS TV series, *Under Sail*, and his instructional video, *Sailor's*

Knots and Splices, has just been released. Toss is now finishing *The Rigger's Notebook*, a sequel to his first book, *The Rigger's Apprentice*.

Mr. Knot has plenty of knots to tie. Aside from their obvious usefulness in holding a sailboat together, though,

what's their appeal? Mr. Knot gets serious. “You take a two-dimensional item and in moments turn it into a three-dimensional artifact. There's a profound act there. You've created a thing that's innately good. Knots are good.”



ROGER HEWSON

photo by Kip Brundage

Just when you think you've got Roger Hewson pegged, he surprises you.

In person he's a soft-spoken, button-down-collar kind of guy—the very embodi-

ment of the successful American entrepreneur. His résumé only confirms that image. At a time when the U.S. sailboat industry is struggling, his Sabre Yachts of South Casco, Maine, is a raging success. He runs his company with the thoroughness, efficiency and deep personal commitment you'd expect from any con-

temporary CEO. As one associate said, "Nobody at Sabre even buys a screwdriver without Roger's ultimately knowing about it." He's also a born promoter. He's running just about every business promotion organization in the state of Maine. His special brand of sailboat boosterism resulted in turning around the mori-

bund Sailing Industry Association after just one year under his directorship. In 1985 Hewson was named the Small Business Administration's Man of the Year—for Maine and New England.

Given Hewson's intensity in his business and civic life, you'd think he'd be the type of guy who relaxes by reading *Business Week* and *The Wall Street Journal*. Actually, he's a great fan of both men's and women's fashion magazines. He races sailboats for recreation. That's predictable, but he also skis—like a madman his friends report. In fact, his favorite skis at the moment are a pair he won in a slalom race. And his garage doesn't contain a limousine, but a hot car he wants to rebuild.

Cars aren't just a hobby with Hewson. He's a bit of an expert on the history of the automobile industry. At least this facet of Hewson's character accords with his business persona: In the 1920s and 30s, many small and struggling auto companies were taken over by newly-formed General Motors. There's a strong parallel between the auto industry then and the boating industry today, Hewson believes. And knowing that might just give Sabre and Hewson the edge they need to stay on top.





CAROL BUCHAN

photo by Marty Loken

Rumor has it 30-year-old Carol Buchan is retiring from racing after an impressive series of recent wins: the 1985 North American 505s (with husband Carl Buchan), the 1985 Canadian Women's Nationals (with Nelle Alexander), and the 1986 Adams Cup. Last year she also took second

in the 505 North Americans and third in the Nationals.

Has she lost her taste for competition? Not at all. The explanation is a bit more complex. For one thing, Carol and Carl—he and his father, Bill, both won gold medals at the 1984 Olympics—have been hard at work building their home outside of Seattle, Washington. For another, their two children, Lindsay, 5, and Jamie, 2, claim much of her time.

The main reason behind her decision, however, is the USRYU's ruling permitting sponsors to display their names on sails and hulls—a move that is drastically altering the way competitors approach the sport.

"It doesn't matter how I feel about it," Carol says. "The sport has changed—it's going to be a full-time job. Whether I like it or not, that's the way it is. Under these new circumstances I don't have time to

compete. Still," she adds, "it's unfair to be in the sport of sailing and not be able to make money when you can be in the sport of basketball and make a million dollars."

Is her decision unalterable? No. "I'm sure I'll continue sailing 505s with Carl. But other than that, it's very uncertain." Is her decision painful? No again. "I like not having the pressure. And I'm enjoying sailing more, now that I have other things in my life."

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JACK VAN OST

photo by Jim Daniels

Jack Van Ost denies inventing bareboat chartering. But he might as well have. Until this dentist and inveterate sailor started Caribbean Sailing Yachts in 1967, chartering was pretty rudimentary. By his reckoning only 21 boats scattered throughout the Caribbean were available for charter, and no two were alike. Van Ost changed all that. Today the Caribbean charter fleet numbers more than 1000 boats.

Van Ost's radical idea was to make chartering predictable. Running CSY out of his Tenaflly, New Jersey, dental clinic for many years, he created what he variously has called "a floating hotel" and "a marine Hertz." He established a uniform fleet—ten Chris Craft Capri 30s at first—and based it in the Virgin Islands, which were easy to get

to and offered plenty of islands to sail around. Charterers needed only their bathing suits and toothbrushes.

"We were sort of pioneers, I guess," he says. "We made all the mistakes we could make. I hope we learned some. It's not a way to become John D. Rockefeller."

One mistake he made was the decision to build his own

boats. CSY has only recently recovered from that move, and now contracts out to Gulfstar for its boats. With a fleet of close to 100 yachts in the Caribbean, Van Ost's charter company has returned to success. In 1979 Van Ost retired from dentistry after 35 years and moved to Tampa, where he runs CSY's island operation. His son, Bob,

heads up the Tenaflly office.

Van Ost now can enjoy the fruits of his labors, spending time with his eight children and 11 grandchildren, including Alexandra Rickards pictured here. "I tell you, it's been fun," he says. But he still has a problem. "I'm doing very well. I just wish I had more time to go sailing."



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1985 ADMIRALS CUP	GERMANY	LEWMAR
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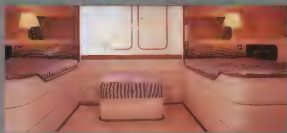
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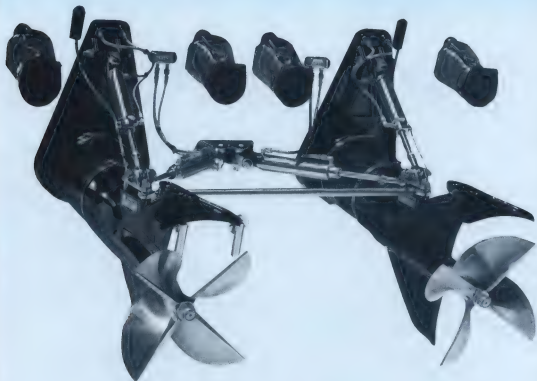


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John J. Fitzmaurice
Halesite, Long Island, N.Y.

A TRUE STORY

I'm an engineer, and I like to get value on anything I buy. So I studied every boat at the boat shows, and I read all the yachting magazines. I'd been a sailor and I wanted to find out if a power boat was for me.

I knew that some boats lose their value quickly. Some hold their own. Others actually appreciate in value. If I decided that I didn't like powerboating, I wanted to find out while owning one that had appreciated in value. Reading the used boat ads would tell me which was which. There were very few ads for used Albin Trawlers. That told me that Albin owners weren't anxious to sell. A good sign. Over the years I had learned that when car owners didn't like a particular model, you could tell by the high number of used car ads you saw for that model.

I looked around. There were cheaper trawlers that could save me money. But I wanted a seaworthy boat with good resale value. That eliminated the brand X boats. And a costlier trawler I saw was, in my judgement, only cosmetically better.

From my study, I figured that an Albin Trawler would probably appreciate in value, so in 1978 I bought an Albin-36. It was a test to see if I could live with a trawler. As I said, I had



been a sailor and power boats weren't my idea of fun. But I must have known something. I discovered a new kind of boating. I did a lot of relaxed cruising. I'm not your

seven ports in seven days kind of man. The large outdoor living space and diesel fuel economy appealed to me. And the easy maintenance.

What I really had in mind was owning a boat that I could also live on. A lot of people talk about living on a boat, but few make their dream come true. I was determined, and my wife was game.

To move out of a house—my three daughters had already left home—and live on a boat would take a larger boat. At least an Albin-43. And I would want to redesign some of the interior. Albin interiors are marvelous and the cabinetry is unbelievable, but I wanted to customize the boat to suit the requirements of

living aboard.

Everything went according to plan. I sold my Albin-36 for more than the purchase price. And the dealer agreed to make some interior design changes. I love the exterior with its bold prow and European design touches.

I took delivery of my Albin-43 in



March 1980. My wife, Carol, and I have been living on it ever since. We berth at the Huntington Yacht Club in Huntington Harbor on Long Island.

On good weather weekends, I just roll out of bed and cruise off on Long Island Sound. Weekdays, I drive off to my job at AT&T. When a siding or termite control salesman calls, I let him talk on and on before I tell him where I live.

Did I get my money's worth from Albin? Do fish swim?"



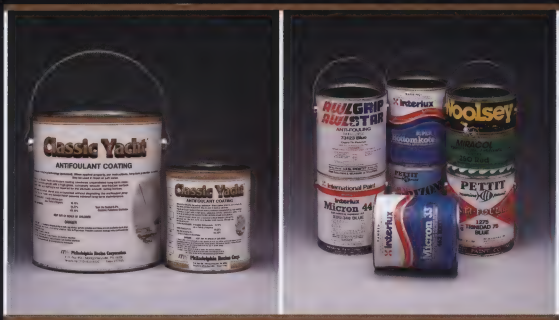
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provide financial support not just to one, but to all of the five syndicates which completed the Trials. And to further encourage this kind of spirit in the world of sailing, American Express is also making a sizable grant to the United States Yacht Racing Union to send promising sailors to international competitions.

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Keeping Fast Company

Parts VI is bigger,
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Parts VI, Gary Blonder's turbo-charged new Jon Bannenberg design, blasts over the gentle Indian Ocean chop. We pass under the bows of the aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Carl Vinson* and the golden 12-meter *Kookaburra III*, doing a little practice work off Fremantle between America's Cup trials.

The sun shines hot and bright in the Southern Hemisphere summer. It is Sunday, and the pleasure fleet is out. Hordes of 20- to 25-footers

by Alastair Buchanan
photographs by François Richard

are streaking over to Rottnest Island, ten miles off Fremantle. Jaws drop as *Parts VI* roams past.

She anchors safely in ten feet of crystal blue water, her two big stainless hooks nestled in little patches of sand between the beds of slippery sea grass.

The response is quick and gratifying. Little boats begin circling like bees in a flower garden, their owners drawn to the floating marvel with the signature Bannenberg wing rising from its afterdeck. We

feet longer than *Parts VI*, but it's massively bigger in overall volume, with four decks instead of three, nine-foot draft instead of four and displacement about double that of her rival.

This is the stuff that gets boat freaks excited. Together this brace of ultra-modern pleasure craft made Rottnest seem a bit more like Palma de Mallorca than an Australian nature preserve.

In the opinion of many, including of course the fellows who designed

process," Blonder said. "Jon's genius is his ability to pull from my mind what I'm really trying to express. He turns each expression into a rendering, which finally goes to our hull design team to see if what we're conjuring are realistic dreams." Ultimately, Bannenberg is the guy who loads the boat with every possible feature and attempts to make naval architect Phil Curran's job impossible. Such is the dialectic of the design process. That Curran has been able to achieve a hull and

Jon Bannenberg is the guy who loads the boat with every possible feature and attempts to make the naval architect's job impossible. Such is the design dialectic.



mill about in the stern, sipping wine and nibbling cheese. As the boats burble past, all the pretty ladies aboard them smile and wave.

"You'd be a sorry bloke if a girl didn't wave to you on a yacht like this," laughs John Farrell, managing director of Oceanfast Shipyards. Oceanfast built the vessel and is now taking *Parts VI* through sea trials before turning her over to the Royal Perth Yacht Club to use as the commodore's yacht during the Cup finals.

But within minutes another floating pleasure palace looms on the horizon. Like a horizontal Las Vegas hotel, up thunders *Southern Cross III*, flagship of Alan Bond, the West Australian millionaire who stunned the yachting world in 1983. A few fickle admirers head away, drawn to the bigger boat.

Southern Cross III is only about ten

and built *Parts VI*, Jon Bannenberg is just about the hottest thing going in the cruise-for-prestige market. Adnan Khashoggi, Alan Bond, Gary Blonder—"the list of owners is like a *Who's Who* of the world," said Grant Johnston, Bannenberg's man in Australia.

"He understands the formula for dealing with these people," Johnston said. "These are men who can write a check for \$1 million U.S. They don't want to hear, 'You can't have black curtains; it's not in the contract.' He tells them what they want and then gives it to them."

That may be an exaggeration, at least in the case of Blonder, who has previously owned six vessels, including three large Browards, a 140-foot Picchiotti and his most recent yacht, the 112-foot Bannenberg collaboration *Never Say Never*. "Designing a yacht is always a delicate

engineering design that incorporates all of Blonder's requirements is a testimony to his genius.

And what Blonder was asking for, even on a 153-foot yacht, was a lot. Blonder, a used-auto-parts baron from Connecticut, wanted a yacht with the feel of a speedboat that would do 30 knots without making a lot of fuss, wouldn't drink up fuel in Saudi Arabian proportions and would have all the accoutrements of home. He wanted a yacht on which he could entertain 100 friends or clients without anyone's feeling cramped. And on top of all this, he wanted a private space for himself, no matter how many other guests were aboard.

The result is a yacht with many distinct gathering places. Large groups of people are comfortably accommodated in the foredeck area, the lounge and the cockpit, as well



as on the bridge. The most innovative design feature, however, is the master stateroom, which is located on the boat deck, and is reached by a private staircase. This location gives Blonder the space, privacy and airiness he wanted for his stateroom. Comforts? The master stateroom boasts skylights, a hot tub/jacuzzi, a sauna, a whirlpool, a steam room, and his-and-her closets. Sliding glass doors open to a pool and a lounge area on the boat deck that is complete with its own bar.

Parts VI has five other staterooms, an additional hot tub/jacuzzi, two tenders (one of which does 67 knots), ten television sets, a fax machine along with every imaginable navigation device, formal dinner service for 12, a Park Avenue interior and a helicopter pad. You never know who will drop in.

And as if designing a planing, six-stateroom, 30-knot speed demon wasn't hard enough, Blonder wanted enough fuel capacity to cross the Atlantic—on one fill-up.



Of course he got what he wanted.

According to Curran, who built his large-yacht reputation designing high-speed planing ferryboats, "People who own this type of boat use it as an entertainment place, a *pied à terre*." On the Bannenberg design process, Curran echoes Blonder: "He makes the building process a pleasure for the owner, instead of a nightmare where the guy has to deal with the boatyard firsthand."

These days Oceanfast is supplying Bannenberg fast hulls on which to work his stylistic magic. Ocean-

Blonder wanted a yacht on which he could comfortably entertain 100 guests. His master stateroom has all the luxuries of home, including a hot tub/jacuzzi, left.

fast has built two hulls in Western Australia, both for Blonder. *Never Say Never* was a smashing success. Blonder is so pleased with *Parts VI*, he is now contemplating another. "And it's going to be 160 feet long," Farrell says with delight.

Blonder doesn't like to talk about the cost of his boats. But reliable sources on the waterfront in Perth put *Parts VI* in the "somewhere just under \$10 million range."

To achieve Blonder's objectives, Curran had to work some engineering wonders. He wound up stealing weight from everything but the





NICK PASQUARE

Gary Blonder, shown here aboard *Never Say Never*, his first Oceanfast, made his fortune in the used auto parts business. *Parts VI* (left) cruises at 30 knots-plus, and can cross the Atlantic without refueling.

televisions. The hull is aluminum; just about everything else is made from hollow-core F-Board, which, at one-fourth the weight of aluminum, is about the same weight as air.

That's costly, but who's worried about price?

To move this lightweight wonder, Curran and Farrell ordered up KaMeWa jet drives powered by three turbocharged MTU diesels, two V-12s outboard and a V-8 on the centerline. When you want to roar, you fire up all three, but to cruise from, say, Monte Carlo to Cannes, you run the outside pair at moderate revs. *Parts VI* can cross the Atlantic on a mere 15,000 gallons.

As a result, this boat can cruise to Rottneat at planing speed, throwing out an impressive jet-blown wake while the guests enjoy smoked salmon and champagne in the main salon, hardly aware they are moving. Except when they look out the windows and see the world roaring past. It's a sight that still keeps Blonder, who's 35 years old "and graying to 65," shaking his head in wonderment. "I'm a mechanically-oriented person," he says. "But I'm amazed at what we've been able to build into a 150-footer and still

achieve this kind of speed. But then again I live a fast-paced life. This boat feels natural."

The yacht isn't entirely without faults. "It does slam a bit in a big sea," Farrell admits, "but that's the crew's problem." And some folks on the docks criticize the number of structural elements in the stern area, including the three elegant stairways that run around the wing.

"They look like the stairways in one of those 1930s musicals," one awed observer said. "I keep waiting for the dancing girls."

Inside, Bannenberg shines with personally designed rugs, bright blond sycamore veneer paneling, white leather settees, handmade dinnerware and sterling flatware. Nothing on *Parts VI* is off the shelf. It's another Bannenberg trademark to design everything from scratch, including door hinges and lighting fixtures. Very elegant indeed.

And very fast.

On the way home from Rottneat, skipper Richard Gurley opens up the big jets, and the knot meter climbs easily past 29. *Parts VI* leaves *Southern Cross III* lurching along in her wake, and for a while it is quite evident that if *Parts VI* isn't the only attention-getter in Fremantle, she certainly is the fastest.

Unless *Sea Raider* is around.

That's Curran's first big planing design—a 110-foot aluminum ferry that runs the public back and forth to Rottneat. She comes careering up from behind and shoots by us in the passing lane.

Passed by a ferry.

It's enough to make you sick.

But at least we're getting beaten by family, if only a distant cousin. And nobody on the ferry, I notice, is drinking champagne. □



The founding family of Astilleros Belliure. Seated around their father, Vicente Belliure Torres, are sons (clockwise from left) Jeronimo, Pedro, Juan and Vicente.



Boats from the HEART

Astilleros Belliure

The most striking — and confounding — feature of the Astilleros Belliure boatyards is how tradition and old-fashioned methods merge so compatibly with the latest materials and technology. Belliure is located on the south coast of Spain in the little town of Calpe, a three-hour drive west of Barcelona. Yard Number One sits at the foot of Ifac, a rock climber's delight jutting 1200 feet straight up from an otherwise moderate landscape. Yard One looks like any classic smallboat yard with its cranes and weathered sheds and its array of boats waiting in the adjacent marina. Many of them display the wood six-pointed star that denotes a Belliure. At the main dock are a Belliure 83-foot ketch and a Belliure 39 — both designed by Ron Holland — along with a new 63. □ It all looks pretty standard until an old wood door creaks open and one enters a large, murky room full of teak logs stacked like cord wood. For a sailor, the effect is almost religious. The logs are 15 feet long and one to two feet thick and look just as they did when the elephants dragged them from the forest. The logs are dried for five years then sawed into carefully numbered planks. The planks are then stacked and dried two more years before the wood is ready for use. □ In a dark adjoining shed alive with wood scrap and rich in sawdust, an ancient six-inch-wide band saw rips the logs. Upstairs in a room labeled "saw doctor," a man works full time keeping the yard's gleaming blades sharp. In contrast to this amazing old-world approach to boat build-

photographs by Bryan and Cherry Alexander

by Roger Vaughan





ing is the spar shed, just across the yard, where workmen fashion high-tech booms and masts using the latest in plasma cutting machines. At Belliure, one gradually gets used to passing rapidly through time warps.

The new Belliure yard, a couple miles up the road, looks like any modern boat-manufacturing facility. Upstairs the overhanging design and executive offices offer a bird's-eye view of the production line and of the large, spacious shops below. Natural light from roof windows reflects mostly the golden glow of teak. To the right, the fiberglass hulls are laid up. On the left, Belliure craftsmen begin construction with teak plywood, raw material for the yachts' interior compartments and furnishings. They laminate moldings and trim by hand on jigs. On the line are 40s, 41s and 50s — mostly for the European market — two 63s for South American customers and an 86.

Down on the floor, a small, stocky man dressed in khaki work clothes moves from job to job. He is Vicente Belliure, who was chief engineer until a few months ago. Vicente's eyes are bright, his disposition gentle. He speaks little English, but his hands and face are eloquent as he points with pride to details on the nearly completed 86-footer: stainless backing plates for deck hardware that are glassed-in and tapped to receive machine bolts; joiner work seamless to the touch; tapered teak frames of the huge, slanted deckhouse windows, with subtle grooves for water runoff. Through a translator Vicente says this 86-footer consumed ten teak logs.

As a boy growing up in Alicante, Vicente followed his interests, boats and the sea. As a teen-ager he built several sailing skiffs, then began repairing fishing boats. In 1953, at age 17, he persuaded his father to help him start his own business. They chose Calpe, with its fishing fleet, and established their yard on the bed of a dry river. They built a primitive wooden slipway, floated it

into position and sank it with concrete blocks.

Vicente soon began modifying fishing boats, designing finer lines for more speed. One modification left too bulbous a look, so he put a star high on the bow to hide it. He made the star six-pointed, because that was easy to draw with compass dividers. The star has become the



trademark of every Belliure boat built since.

Fishing boats with fine stems and flared overhanging bows became Belliure's stock in trade for nearly 20 years. In 1972 Vicente got the plans for his first yacht, the 25-foot *Endurance*, from circumnavigator Peter Ibold. About this time Spain lost control of the Spanish Sahara, greatly reducing her fishing zone and virtually destroying the south coast fishing industry. To plug the sudden gap in business, Vicente began building an *Endurance* line of sailboats.

Working with fiberglass, which he had used extensively in fishing-boat holds, Vicente had the first 35 ready for the 1975 Barcelona Boat Show. He returned home with a bookful of orders.

During the next six years, Belliure turned out dozens of the still-popular 35s, along with other cruising boats. Then the need to expand caught up with them. Yard Number One manager Jeronimo Belliure

Bernardo Stengel can discuss boats in six languages.

The 1200-foot peak of Ifac (above) looms over Yard Number One. A bare Belliure hull (left) awaits finish.



said, "The idea of the new factory was forced on us by the demands of clients who wanted bigger boats." But the Belliures soon discovered they were not financially strong enough to expand without help.

In 1983 Guillermo Cryns came on the scene. A financier who began by organizing bus tours and charter flights before moving into hotel building, he has been described as the maestro of the Spanish tourist industry — among the largest in the world. A former IOR competitor and world cruising sailor, Cryns sent a man to scout Belliure for a large boat he wanted to build for a British holding company. Cryns liked what he heard and convinced the holding company to become a

Old world, new world: Natural light reflects the glow of teak in the Belliure sawroom, while (above right) mold and hull take on an eerie, high-tech cast.

partner in the yard.

Cryns's first move was to bring in financial expert Bernardo Stengel as managing director of the yard. Stengel had first come to Cryns's attention 20 years before when, as a waiter, he had spilled coffee on Cryns. It is a tribute to Stengel's charm and ability that he has been working with Cryns ever since.

Stengel, tall and richly attired, has the quick, precise moves of a bullfighter. His dark eyes miss nothing. He can discuss finance and boats in six languages. It is generally suspected that he added the

"o" to his first name when he came to Spain from his native Germany.

Bernardo's presentations to customers are legendary. "First," he says, leading the way into the design offices overlooking the factory floor, "we have the dozen people who work here clean their areas. Then we suggest the customer sit at one of the drawing boards and make some sketches, however crude, of what he wants. Maybe we have an 83-foot outline drawing on the table for reference. We talk, and after he does a sketch I slip it to one of our naval architects who works furiously to do a drawing in 20 minutes. By the time the customer is done with another sketch, I show him this rough. Now he is in-

involved, making changes, suggestions. Twenty minutes later, he gets another rough in color. The customer's jaw drops.

"We have a very talented artist who will take the naval architect's roughs and, working all night, will do beautiful color renderings of what the man's boat will actually look like, inside and out. The next day, the customer sees these drawings and can't believe it. There is his boat! Two weeks later this man will receive line drawings, more color renderings — all adjusted to his liking — and a construction estimate, all for nothing. Other yards would charge \$10,000 for this service."

With Bernardo Stengel ready to bowl customers over in Calpe, where Belliure is the area's largest employer, Cryns set up shop in America to handle customer leads for the Western Hemisphere. Belliure America is headed by Michael Ferris, a member of the Belliure board of directors. At 35, Ferris has previous experience ranging from yacht sales and financing to marketing and brokerage.

"We are the new boy on the block," Ferris says. "We've been in the market less than two years, but we are beginning to be represented out there." The 86-footer *Jubilee* was launched last summer for Francis D. Wetherill of Philadelphia. A Fortune 100 financier has a 90-footer on the Belliure boards, and maxi racer Huey Long is contemplating a 105-footer. Ferris says Belliure is looking into building boats up to 120 feet.

"We have a lot to offer," Ferris says. "A work ethic and quality of craftsmanship based on pride and tradition, a friendly climate year-round and a labor rate about 35 percent less than in northern Europe. Belliure is a member of the Spanish Boat Building Federation, which augments our ability to offer our customers creative international financing. We will re-spec a boat any way the customer wants it. We have the skills plus the money to back them up — an unusual combination. On the larger boats, if pressed we'll even put up a bank guarantee

against non-performance. How many boatyards in the world would do that?"

The Belliure family agrees that an outside partner has been good for the company. "In a family business," Jeronimo says, "it is difficult to complain, for example, that your brother's number one son is useless. An outsider can do this."

Cryns has, in fact, made some major changes as the holding company has assumed 100 percent ownership of the yard, as the boats have increased in size from 35 to 90 feet and as the stakes have soared from \$150,000 to \$2 million a boat. Dealing with high finance and high rollers, Belliure can no longer begin a boat on a handshake, as they did not so long ago.

The evolution hasn't always been smooth. For a while Bernardo had his staff meetings on Monday mornings. The Belliures had theirs on Sunday evenings — at home. But that has stopped. And Vicente Belliure has departed. By choice more builder than manager, he continues with Belliure as a consultant. With the backing of Belliure's holding company, he has begun building independently.

Astilleros Belliure has come a long way from being a fishing boat repair operation on the beach. But it still maintains its unique mix of talent and philosophy. Kevlar may be going into the hulls, but the workers still take a siesta every afternoon. And again, it seems a uniquely compatible blend. Jeronimo admits the business has had its struggles over the years, but he says money alone could never have built Belliure into what it is today.

"The Belliure yard," he says, "has grown from the heart." □



You come upon the islands suddenly. One moment the surface of the sea is empty. The next it is studded with rocks and jagged ledges, then scattered islets, finally a large island and many more spreading toward the horizon. Around many of the islands the blue-green of the shallows stands in contrast to a necklace of waves breaking and receding over ribbons of white sand; some of the islands, even in winter, are mottled with dark green fields dotted with daffodils.

The Isles of Scilly (pronounced "silly") lie 28 miles southwest of Land's End, Cornwall, England. Tightly grouped over approximately 75 square miles, they comprise 100 islands and islets, only five of which are inhabited, and hundreds of ledges and rocks.

Touched by the Gulf Stream's warming influence, the Scillies for the most part are a benign paradise in the northern seas. Or so they seem to vacationing landmen who revel in the mild climate, spectacular flower gardens, white sand beaches and iridescent water. But the Scillies, which form a rude demarcation between the English Channel and the Celtic Sea, can become a deathtrap for seamen coming on soundings from the open ocean. For centuries mari-

HARD AGROUND!

Shipwrecks of the Scilly Isles

by Peter Spectre

photographs by The Gibsons of Scilly Isles





The Noisel bound for Italy in 1905 with 600 tons of armor plate was caught off Ushant in a gale and eventually grounded at Praa Sands. One crewmember was lost; the rest jumped overboard and made it to shore or were rescued by breeches buoy.



The crew of the Plymouth trawler *Reginald* (above), grounded on St. Mary's in 1902, brewed some tea while waiting for the next tide to float them off. The captain and crew of the 180-ton schooner *Olympe* (right), beached at Gurnwalloe in 1910, were hauled through the surf by a human chain formed by workers from nearby Poldhu Hotel.

ners have found themselves lost in a maze of reefs with no apparent way out.

Nowhere on the Scillies are these contrasts—the landman's pleasure and the seaman's fear—more apparent than on Tresco. Two miles long and one mile wide, it is the second largest island of the group. At its southern end are the Tresco Abbey Gardens, founded in 1834 on the site of an 11th-century Benedictine monastery by Augustus Smith, the Lord Proprietor of the Isles. A cross between an arboretum and a traditional English flower garden, the 15-acre gardens contain more than 5,000 plant species from more than 100 countries. The collection includes subtropical and tropical trees and plants that thrive incongruously on an island lying in the same latitude as Newfoundland.

In a corner of these gardens, permeated with the scents of eucalyptus and rhododendron, stands Valhalla, containing an impressive collection of figureheads and ornamental carvings taken from a few of the more than 1,000 ships wrecked on the Scillies over the centuries. Like the gardens, the collection was founded by Augustus Smith, who in 1840 began gathering relics of the sea that previously had been kept in sheds

and barns by the Scillonians.

Here are figureheads salvaged from the Spanish bark *Primos*, lost in 1871 with all her crew save one; the four-masted bark *Falkland*, which struck the Bishop Rock lighthouse in 1901; the Liverpool tea clipper *Friar Tuck*, grounded during an 1863 hurricane that claimed six other vessels in the Scillies on the same day; the bark *Palinurus*, sunk on rock in 1848 with the loss of all hands; and the iron passenger steamer *Schiller*, which hit a ledge in 1875 to become, after the loss of 335 lives,



the worst passenger ship disaster in the islands. Scores of other relics are displayed, including a lifebuoy from the largest sailing vessel ever built, the 395-foot seven-masted schooner *Thomas Lawson*.

The loss of the *Lawson* was typical for the Scillies. Near the end of a rough Atlantic crossing in 1907 with a cargo of 2,225,000 gallons of case oil, she took refuge from a vicious storm by coming to anchor in Broad Sound. According to Charlotte Dorien-Smith, Augustus Smith's daughter, "The Captain

hoisted no signals of distress and said he did not consider himself in any danger. With his tackle he could have ridden out any storm on the American coast, but alas, not here." That night, in 90-mile-an-hour winds, the *Lawson's* cables parted and the schooner was driven onto a rock off the small island of Annett. Only two crew members survived.

The most legendary series of wrecks in the Scillies' maritime history happened on October 22, 1707. On that night the navigators of Rear Admiral Sir

Cloudisley Shovell's British naval fleet proved to be fallible. Returning from a commission in the Mediterranean during which much treasure had been taken from the French and Spanish, Admiral Shovell's fleet hove-to to decide on a course to Portsmouth. Using the best information available, his navigators determined they were south of Land's End, which meant that the English Channel was open before them.

Instead, the fleet was to the west of, and on the same latitude as, the Isles of Scilly. Four



of Admiral Shovell's fleet of 21 ships—his flagship *Association*, the *Eagle*, the *Firebrand*, and the *Romney*—struck the Western Rocks before the rest of the fleet discovered the navigational error and barely averted further disaster. Between 1,500 and 2,000 officers and men drowned. The tragedy so shocked England that it led to intensified efforts by naval administrators to find a reliable method to determine longitude.

Sir Clowdisley Shovell is rumored to have abandoned ship in a gig with his treasure chest, only to be wrecked again and drowned when he tried to land at Porth Hellick on the main island of St. Mary's. Thirty years later, an island woman in a deathbed confession told a different story. She said she came upon Admiral Shovell lying exhausted but alive on the shore and killed him for his emerald ring. English seamen, however, were not among those who mourned Sir Clowdisley Shovell's demise. Admiral Shovell's statue in Westminster Abbey is permanently stained by tobacco juice spat on his effigy in retaliation for his introduction of burgoo, or oatmeal mush, to Royal Navy rations.

Some historians doubt the woman's story of Admiral Shovell's death. But given the Scil-

The Lifeboat Engineer

The side door is slightly ajar at the Isles of Scilly lifeboat station on the tiny island of St. Mary's. It is a springlike day in late February. Although the sun is warm, the wind—which blows almost continuously at this time of year—is not.

I push the door open and step into a large room open to the rafters. The back third of the floor is flat and level, but the forward two-thirds, leading to two huge swinging doors, is steeply sloped. A small boat sits on the incline.

At the back of the room is a huge winch used to haul boats into the house. In a small corner room next to the winch, a short, stocky man in seaman's boots, navy blue sweater and short-billed cap repairs a bicycle wheel. He looks up without suspicion, and before I can turn and leave in confused embarrassment for having intruded on his privacy, he motions for me to stay. He introduces himself as Bill Burrows, chief engineer and only full-time member of the lifeboat crew. "I may be repairing a bicycle right now, but I'm on call all the time," he says. For the past four years the small boat in here has carried the crew to the larger lifeboat moored out in the harbor. Before then, Burrows explains, they used to launch the lifeboat right out of the boathouse.

"There are seven in the crew besides me, but there are about fourteen chaps in the islands who are capable of going to sea on a rescue. Thirteen other than myself. The rest are all volunteers.

"Let's say we haven't been out now since just before Christmas. At that time we had a sinking French trawler 30-odd miles southwest of here. We haven't had a call for a very long time." Burrows smiles wistfully, as if he

wishes it were otherwise.

I tell him I was in the U.S. Coast Guard many years ago. He's interested. "Which type of boat were you in?" I tell him I wasn't. I was stationed ashore. His interest wanes. "Our coast guards are a different breed altogether from us chaps in the Royal Navy Lifeboat Institution. They're not what we call seamen. They're backsides men. You know, they sit on their arses. We used to have eight coast guards here. Now there's only one. All the local coast guard operations are now centered in Falmouth, 60 miles from here."

He strides across the boathouse floor and points reverently to a series of hand-lettered signboards carefully mounted on the far wall. "These are the records. We have had lifeboats on the Scillies since 1837, but we lost the records from 1837 to 1880. These show what has been done since then; as you can see, 627 vessels have been assisted since 1880. The real total is much more, but we don't have the records to prove it.

"Before I was in the Scillies I used to control the movements of the lifeboat crews. I've been here for 24, 25 years, and I never want to leave. Even when I retire I think I'll stay on the Scillies.

"In all of Britain our lifeboats are completely voluntary. We have something like 200 boats around the country. All of them are volunteer crews. On all lifeboats the permanent men are the engineers. On some lifeboats the coxswain, the captain, is full time as well. There are only two stations completely manned by full-time crews. My home in North Devon on the Bristol Channel is one of them. We have a big lifeboat there, a 70-footer, and the crew lives aboard. The other





Ionians' reputation for wrecking and smuggling in the old days, it is as likely true as not. The scavenging of cargo and equipment from wrecked vessels was a form of high art on the Isles of Scilly. And why not? The islanders were poor, and the pickings, given the tremendous number of ships lost on the islands, were easy. The wreckers even had their own prayer, attributed to the Rev. John Troutbeck, an 18th-century parish priest: "Dear God, we

pray not that wrecks should happen; but if it be Thy will that they do, we pray Thee let them be to the benefit of Thy poor people of Scilly." The Rev. Troutbeck eventually was forced to resign his position after he was found to be a smuggler. He wasn't alone. Given the islands' strategic position on the inbound route from all points of the globe, smuggling was one of the islanders' principal occupations.

Much of this activity took

place in pilot gigs—long, narrow, fast rowing and sailing craft indigenous to the islands. Designed to deliver Scillonian pilots—justly famed for their skill and local knowledge—to inbound ships, and for lifesaving and freighting among the islands, they were equally well suited to smuggling. The gigs were so weatherly that they regularly were rowed across the Channel to pick up and deliver contraband. If a revenue cutter under sail attempted to chase



them down, the gigs' crews simply pulled straight into the wind and escaped. The only way customs agents could reduce smuggling in gigs was to restrict their number of oars from six to four.

Many gigs still are in use, though no longer for piloting and smuggling—only for racing. Races are held nearly every Friday evening in the summer if the weather is suitable.

The sea, which in the past brought death and destruction to the Scillies—as well as wrecks to plunder—today carries warmth for daffodil farming and botanical gardens. Once the ideal milieu for smuggling, it now attracts the tourists upon whom so much of the island economy depends. These days islanders fear shipwrecks.

Many still talk about the *Thomas Lawson*, but the wreck that most consumes islanders' imagination is the loss of the supertanker, *Torrey Canyon*. Run

up on a reef northwest of St. Martin's in 1967, the 61,000-ton tanker disgorged a record-breaking oil spill that fouled Scilly Isle beaches and caused many there to wonder whether visitors ever would return.

They did. That the islands survived this and countless other disasters stands as eloquent testimony to the indomitable spirit of life on this wind- and wave-swept corner of the sea. □

The Mary Burrow and the Lizzie Walker (above) left Swansea in 1908 within a few hours of each other, loaded with anthracite.

They ended up on the Porthminster beach. The St. Ives lifeboat saved both crews. The French schooner Marie Celine (opposite page), bound for Spain with a cargo of pitch, was driven ashore at Gerrans Bay in 1901. Her crew survived and her bones provided good pickings for the islanders.

The Mildred (right) bound from Newport to London with a load of slag, struck the rocks under Gurnard's Head in thick fog in 1912. The captain and crew rescued themselves in a launch.



The Days of Wine and Races

The Chardonnay Regatta



"organoleptic." I've scanned six wine magazines since take-off, a crash course in oenology that's left me utterly perplexed. Will I ever know the difference between a slightly "toothpicky" chardonnay and one that's "frankly oaky"?

Barbara Saleh, the regatta organizer, greets us and escorts 11 press and race committee members to a fleet of yachts at Bobby's Marina. Before I slip into a gently rocked sleep, I hear an outraged Briton's voice. The poor man's just discovered four giggling girls lined up for naps in his aft cabin berth. "Who the hell are all of you?" he booms.

Covering the Chardonnay Regatta on assignment sounded like winning a million-dollar jackpot in Vegas. According to the Yacht Charters International brochure, it would entail slathering on sunblock, nibbling gourmet foods and sipping premier California wines while racing around palm-studded islands on fully-crewed 60-foot yachts. I figured there had to be a hitch. I accepted, of course.

GETTING THERE

American Airlines, the regatta's official carrier, treats me to a live video transmission as we land in St. Maartens. My mind is awash with words like "average budburst," "zymogist" and

KICK-OFF BREAKFAST

Robbie Perron, race committee director, stands up to speak on the rules and regulations. Upstaged by the shrieks and cackles of five hungry macaws, he immediately sits down. I count 20 cases of wine, worth more than \$20,000, and 35 guests. While nursing a mimosa (a sure-fire cure for jet lag) I also notice a brisk trade in seasickness pills. I'm tempted.

Six magnificent 60-foot yachts lie moored at the marina: two Gulfstars, two Morgans, one Standfast and a Swan, each outfitted with all the necessities from air-conditioning and video to fresh flowers and oriental rugs. My new home, *Stardust*,

by Brenda Cullerton
photographs by Bob Grieser



is a brass-and-teak showboat, a \$250,000 birthday gift bought sight unseen by a loving wife for her husband.

"Getting our sea legs" after breakfast seems to consist primarily of blowing up purple balloons and drinking champagne. I feel like a tipsy Mary Poppins, dinghy hopping and hanging the balloons from binacles and halyards, where they float about like bunches of overgrown grapes on vines of silvery green foil. John Grim, our skipper, and Carole Abbour, our hostess, dub me "Goldfoot" in honor of my glittering hightops, a.k.a. Manhattan topiders.

Peter Haywood, vintner and owner of Haywood Winery, climbs aboard with his guest,

We never raced through the premier wines and the gourmet fare. Late afternoons (left) were spent enjoying oenological studies.

Naomile Tilman. Peter, a sailing purist, owns a gaff-rigged schooner in Sausalito. He's as stunned as the rest of us as he watches Mr. Grim throttle-up the engines, throw switches and monitor dials and lights on a saloon console that mirrors launch central at Cape Canaveral. The regatta's first major sea trial is a ten-minute motor run from the pier into the harbor, where we anchor for the night. I am awakened later that evening by a bump. A naked and irate man stands on the deck of his sloop, *Karma*. "I couldn't possibly be dragging!" he bellows. "I put down and set all

three anchors!"

"Well, we sure as hell aren't dragging FORWARD!" our skipper yells back.

THE REGATTA BEGINS

Rough waters prevent our scheduled run to Tintamare. The first leg of the Regatta takes us instead to La Baie Longue, a celebrity-studded expanse of sand in front of La Samana Hotel. The official start seems pretty casual. Naomile is varnishing her nails as the blue flag goes up. Five minutes to go and no one can find the bloody buoy. The engines are cut. My God! What if I'm seasick? What if we capsize? Everything's pushbutton, from weighing anchor to hoisting the mainsail. The red

flag is up. We're off. I avoid leaning on anything that looks even remotely like a button.

It's a glorious beginning. A fast reach puts the ketch through its paces and brings us flying gracefully across the finish, two minutes and 22 seconds behind the Swan, *Scuttlebutt*. But because of the complicated handicapping system, we even may have placed first.

Back at the marina a parade of cabs carries us to the rock-clinging auberge, *Oyster Pond*. Their "petit punch" packs quite a wallop. Later Carole serves a sautéed shrimp dish with red-hot peppers and saffron rice. Corks are popping. "To make a small fortune in this business, you need to start with a large one," Naomile says, sniffing the bouquet of an 83 chardonnay.

"She's right," confirms Peter. "I spend four dollars for every dollar I earn."

The talk of cabs (cabernets), zins (zinfandels) and chards, along with our two-hour "tasting," leaves me disoriented and drowsy. Probably organolepsy.

SECOND DAY

It's a six-hour beat at seven knots in eight-foot swells to St. Bart's, euphoria for the hardcore racers, torment for a terror-struck, cleat-clenching coward like me. A short centerboard kills us on the beat. We drift off as *B.B.*, a Morgan, comes up from behind. She's out to steal our wind (more like sink us). "Is this what they mean by 'don't shoot or fall off till you see the whites of their eyes'?" I ask.

Two tacks later and in fourth place, we drop anchor in Gustavia. But the excitement's not over yet. An SOS comes from the committee boat. The motor's konked out. John zips off to the rescue even before I've finished showering off the salt.

Between the champagne and the chardonnay, I started feeling like a sailor.

DINGHY DERBY DAY

It's raining. It's pouring. I'm still snoring at 10 A.M. Boats buzz back and forth across the harbor, begging and trading bottles for tonight's banquet. Some of the fleet take off on a shelling expedition, led by an intrepid ex-ballerina, Tinkerbell.

At dusk we debark for a gastronomic mecca called *Les Cas-telets* and an eight-course meal worthy of Louis XIV. I'm happy to note there's nothing "tooth-picky" about any of the 14 wines accompanying our feast. I do have difficulty translating the phrase, "I feel the fruit poking through," for a visiting Gaul.

Drunk with the story of his \$25,000 sale of a 1903 Mouton Rothschild at auction last year, a self-proclaimed connoisseur drags me from table to table,

swishing and smelling. I meet Gil, a Texas oilman-turned-Napa Valley vintner. He's an alumnus of last year's regatta who's flown in—in true jet-setter fashion—for tonight's gala event.

During a coconutty *crêpe antillaise* and a cup of dark island coffee, someone taps a glass. "Listen everyone, when you're hauling 20,000 pounds of keel, 40,000 pounds of superboat and 10 cases of wine, there are more important things than winning." Everyone nods and smiles agreeably.

THIRD DAY

Every boat in the fleet gets a case of champagne for the so-called "sleigh ride" back to St. Maarten's. Between the champagne and what's left of the chardonnay, I feel myself starting to become a sailor. We roar



off around the buoy on a rocket reach straight back to Marigot. After four days "tying off the cooler," I'm cajoled into taking the wheel. Even my attempts with the fishing pole finally pay off. We snag a silver mackerel moments before dropping anchor.

A French wine tasting awaits us in town. *Le Cellar* is as cold as a morgue, but the joint is jumping. Brash burgundy and Tinkerbell's can-cans send the locals into an uproar. I retire early after resisting the last of Mr. Haywood's zinfandel.

ANOTHER LAYDAY

A leisurely sail to Anguilla with an impromptu stop at a deserted island en route. Well, almost deserted. Three palm-shrouded tables invite me into the shade. "Coconut Grove," says a sea-sprayed sign. Two local entre-

preneurs grill whole baby lobsters caught on the reef. I gorge and sprawl out groggily in the sun. Swept away.

This is the island of the Paper Cup Law, legislation enacted in the 60s to prevent bottle-bashing brawls during Anguilla Race Week. We regateers, however, are served in glasses. A day like this certainly puts the chartering regatta business into perspective.

GRANDE FINALE

Ominous reports filter in over the radio: "... low pressure developing in the north, seas at eight to ten feet, winds from the southwest 30 to 35 knots. Approaching gale force."

"Jesus," I mutter, hurtling from my berth. "Gale force!"

After an emergency meeting, Mr. Grim returns with an update. All hell's broken loose. One of the skippers is in the hospital with a leg fractured in two places. The fleet's been ordered to evacuate all passengers and make a run for shelter in a St. Maarten's lagoon. Ralph West, a 40-year veteran of the Coast Guard, volunteers to stand in for the missing skipper and drive the *Standfast* to safe anchorage.

I'm in a dilemma. Should I jump ship and join the passengers in Anguilla's ultra-posh Malliohana Hotel? Or swallow my fears and follow the fleet? Twenty minutes later, I'm in oilskins ready to battle the tempest. Harnesses are out. Hatch-

es are battered down. My days tying off the cooler are over. Ralph's giving orders. There's nothing pushbutton about *this* baby! I'm cranking winches and ducking the boom. Drenched. "Hard alee!" hollers Ralph. The wind's dead on our nose as we plow around a rocky point. Giddy and gasping, we take off on a roller-coaster ride into 12-foot swells. Now *this* is a race! Ralph reins in the sheets while I white-knuckle the wheel. I almost feel sorry for the regateers marooned in the Malliohana (\$600 a night, no credit cards accepted).

Two hours after our unofficial start, we drop anchor—in first place. Ralph slaps my shoulder and grins. "Well done, my girl! Now man the radio. Request us a dinghy ride home." I fail to raise even a whimper from *Star-dust*.

"Try again," says Ralph. I lean into the mike and call out my message. Still no response.

"God Almighty, girl," Ralph shouts. "You're talking into the top of a Tensor lamp."

Our group is the last to leave the island before Hurricane Kate shuts down the runways. Despite a deluge of tourists clamoring for knee-space aboard fully booked DC-10s, American Airlines unearths two seats to airlift our broken-legged skipper home.

As for me, I end my wine-and-sea-spray idyll on the slushy shores of Manhattan—just in time to celebrate the arrival of Beaujolais nouveau. □



Coconut Grove, home of Anguilla's Paper Cup Law.



After Eden

Sri Lanka, Pearl of India.  by Erla Zwingle, photographs by Pamela Roberson

Dawn breaks in streaks of crimson along the edge of the night. The awakening ocean stirs and turns toward the land; water caresses the beach and whispers its secrets. Ceylon, land of dreams. To the Hindus it was *Lanka Dwipe*, "the resplendent isle;" the British called it "the pearl of India," the Arabs *Serendib*, whence "serendipity," the ability to make happy, unexpected discoveries.





The ancient Greek geographers knew it as “the land of hyacinth and ruby,” and some scholars identify it as the Biblical *Ophir*, into whose gem-laden soil the Queen of Sheba dug deep. Marco Polo called it the choicest island on the earth.

Muslims believe that, banished from Eden, Adam and Eve were sent to Ceylon as consolation.

Paralleling the beach, the narrow road also awakens and stirs. Bullock carts creep along the verge, passed by solitary cyclists in white sarongs. An orange-robed Buddhist monk wades slowly in the black pool of shadow cast by his black umbrella. Seven graceful women bearing white lotus blossoms on their palms move leisurely toward the *dagoba* to make their morning offerings.

At first light fishermen wade out toward their stilts. These precarious perches, driven into waist-deep water, are permanent and hereditary. Weligama on the southern coast may be the only place in the world where man pretends to be a bird to catch his prey.



In Ambalangoda they dance for the devils. Deep memories of shamanistic ritual, sympathetic magic, fear and power. The power of fear, too—fear of the demons, controlled by ceremony, myth and masks. Carved from the balsa-like kuduru tree that grows by the fields of life-sustaining rice and brought to life with vegetable dyes, each mask represents a fragment of the cosmic puzzle: 24 powerful rakshas, the comic kolam and 18 sanni, who inflict disease. Legends describe the ancient Rakshasas, who could assume various forms, particularly that of the cobra, to immobilize their victims with terror and carry them away into slavery. If this

island seems like a paradise, don't be too quick to assume the serpent doesn't live here anymore.

The countenance of Buddha inspires reverence, not awe. His peaceful expression bespeaks benevolence and harmony. No entourage of fearsome creatures follows him; he rejoices instead in depictions of nature in its multifarious forms. Man is only a tiny part of the living mosaic—why the urge to dominate others when domination of self is so difficult? The drawers of hotel night tables contain not Gideon bibles but books of the sayings of Buddha. The etiquette of visiting shrines is strict: Remove shoes and hats and leave them at the entrance, for leather is abhorrent. Bare feet scrunch gingerly over gravel paths. The Enlightened One smiles as tolerantly at the shuffling Westerners as at the group of formally-clad Japanese praying in unison before the altar. Buy a lotus blossom to offer if you wish, for Buddha does not disdain the respect of unbelievers. □





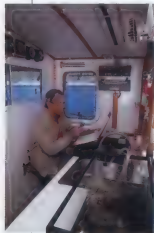
King of the Dredge and His *Mitra*

18th-century science, 19th-century scholarship
aboard Walter Paine's 20th-century yacht

A publishers convention in Mexico taught Walter Paine that the newspaper business would never hold his full attention. During a boring speech a huge beetle flew by. He jumped up, charged after the droning creature, snagged it and stuffed it into a little bottle of alcohol he always carries. Soon thereafter he sold his newspaper to pursue other interests. Paine is a consummate amateur naturalist, a man who would feel at home in the nineteenth century, when gentlemen scientists were at the cutting edge of their fields, when a fellow's laboratory (put the accent on the second syllable) might be downstairs at the club. Paine's consum-

ing interest is mollusks, the creatures that produce those exquisite spirals, spikes and iridescent colors so highly prized by malacologists. To collect them, he has just commissioned the 46-foot research vessel *Mitra* for a series of voyages that might well take him to malacological fame. With a small crew of guest scientists he will use *Mitra* to dredge up the animals from places where they have rarely been sought, from Canada to the Caribbean and possibly farther afield.

Walter is a member of the Paine family, which is just about as thoroughly established (Robert Tree



Text and photographs by Mark Baldwin



Mitra anchored in Seal Cove, Maine, after a day of sea trials. Opposite: Walter Paine in his shipboard laboratory.

Paine was a Signer) as the mollusks themselves—and just as thoroughly salt water (General Charles Paine built several America's Cup defenders, including *Volunteer*; Frank Paine built the defender *Yankee*).

Paine's tendency to hold onto the past seems to be a family trait. His father, Richard, sailed *Chickadee*, a 43-foot engineless Lawley sloop with a 60-foot mast and deck-sweeper boom, until the 60s, by which time that sort of rig had become an anachronism even among

diehards. Brother Richard devotes himself to what may be the world's most valuable collection of antique cars. At 63, Walter himself still owns the Herreshoff 12½ he sank as a child and dreams of living before the 1872-76 HMS *Challenger* circumnavigation, the historic voyage that turned malacology into a science for professionals.

Paine is convinced, though, that there still is room for the amateur. "The amateur end of the science is very vital today," he says, "partly because the description of species is no longer the preoccupation of mainstream scientists." Sitting in

his 1803 Enfield, New Hampshire, farmhouse that serves as his study, he is surrounded by evidence of his commitment to taxonomy. The upstairs room is crammed with trays of shells, including 310 of the known species of miters, bottles of pickled "soft parts," fossils, beakers, books, prints, manuscripts, instruments and charts. And yet it is oddly neat in the same way that oriental rugs spread on top of one another don't make a mess. Paine is, by reputation and admission, fastidious and demanding.

With an occasional glance out over his 300-acre nature preserve

and its resident bluebirds, he talks with great enthusiasm about a camp counselor and a museum director who sparked his interest in natural history when he was 12. He talks of creatures, of the mysteries of snails migrating across ocean trenches, of what they eat where there seems to be no food, of why some of them manufacture those bizarre spikes, of the rare golden cowrie, once the exclusive property of Fiji chiefs, and of taxonomy's curious history.

"In the past, mollusks were categorized mostly by shell characteristics, which, because of apparent variations, led to an enormous inflation in named species," he explains. "Today we look for similarities in the structure of animals that may inhabit rather different-looking shells and lump together what used to go by different names. In fact, when Linnaeus [in 1750] and others in the 1800s named the mollusks then known, they proposed 2624 names for species in the miter family alone. Today, we have lumped these and subsequent discoveries into about 377 species.

"We have so little to go on. Consider this: Nearly all shell spirals turn clockwise in a precise logarithmic spiral. Of course we won't uncover that secret, but we might uncover some small clue that will help someone someday to have a tremendous insight. Disciplinary lines haven't been crossed that much. I'd like to coax different sorts of specialists to ship with us and speculate together about what we find."

When Paine isn't talking science, he's talking boats. "After the war we had a Rhodes 45 for ten years, sailing up and down the East Coast," he says. "Then, because of an increasing family, we built an Aage Nielson 51-foot ketch—one of Paul Luke's last double-planked boats. Both were centerboarders, which I'm very partial to. They're kind to the crew because crews sail best on their feet. You can balance the helm, and I like to sail in close

where the water is thin.

"Then I got competitive. I bought an Erickson 46 IOR production racer, powerful but porous. I suppose I was crazy for a while, you know. We spent almost every weekend racing around the buoys in Massachusetts Bay. I didn't like the boat. And none of my old crew would

sail the thing with me.

"So when I came to my senses, I went to John G. Alden and Company, and the short of it is that Niels Helleberg and I settled down to update a plan they had been kicking around, which became the Alden 44. I called her *Alita*. She was a wonderful boat and a good look-



Mitra's fabled dredge.



er. In a 1979 transatlantic race, with Niels aboard and Bill Rand as navigator keeping us constantly under a series of lows, she averaged more than seven knots for 2800 miles and came in first in class under both IOR and MHS rules."

Two events, though, turned Paine to power and to a more full-time occupation with mollusks. He sold his newspaper, which put time on his hands. Then he fell into the icy Irish sea. He began thinking about safer, more comfortable boating. Though "unaccredited" as a scientist, he became the associate curator of malacology at the Montshire Museum of Science in Hanover, New Hampshire. He sold *Alita* and went looking for a new boat. A motorboat.

"I asked who had done the type of research vessel I wanted. There was only one answer—Lee Wilbur of Manset, Maine. He built *Asterias* for Woods Hole. He did *Beagle IV* for the Smithsonian—it went through a 100 mile-an-hour hurricane—and *Sea State* for Dana Gibson, all on the 46-foot Jarvis Newman hull."

For the most part, Wilbur has made a reputation finishing highly polished semi-custom yachts on fiberglass hulls, from 34-foot Downeasters to a 60-foot deep-vee. The yard's hallmarks are sea kindness,

joinery that is probably a match for any and an abiding loyalty to its boatowners, who include Billy Joel and Christie Brinkley. (Paine knew only one thing about Lee Wilbur when he went to him in 1983, that ten years before, Wilbur had quit a job as an elementary school teacher to open a backyard boat shop. After a few minutes together they realized they shared a previous connection: Schoolboy Wilbur had once taken a model-making course from Paine in the basement of a Southwest Harbor church, where Wilbur "built" his first boat.)

"I drew the interior for *Mitra* at this desk in 1983, and it came out within a few inches," Paine said. "At the outset we decided not to worry too much about displacement, and we succeeded. She's two tons overweight—but no matter, I'm not in any hurry. And I want a comfortable ride, and it might help her stability."

Comfort is a given in this boat. Anyone who has sailed for 45 years has thought about practical layout. The cabins are mellow in cypress and brass, with natural cane for ventilation. Linen dresses the tables. Paintings adorn the bulkheads, and scientific volumes on the bookshelves settle the fine points of conversation in the afterglow of the day's work.



Above left: This mussel, the biggest Paine has ever found, will go to the Montshire Museum aquarium. Above: *Mitra stictica* collected by Paine in the Fiji Islands.



Discussing some fine points at the end of a day's dredging.

But it is the workaday stuff that gives *Mitra* her special cachet—her dredge, laboratory, running gear and unstinted electronics that can practically put her back on station two weeks later over a fleeing cowrie. Loran, Satnav, autopilot, speed log and video plotter are all wired together, along with a weather facsimile receiver and two depth sounders. "I've always relied heavily on a sounder for ocean racing navigation," Paine explains. "One of these has a color video screen that describes the bottom, so I can actually steer the dredge according to changes down there, and we can plot the proximity of our catches to other environments."

Below, *Mitra's* 370-horsepower GM diesel has an interesting little brother, a 40-horsepower Westerbeke diesel generator that does regular electrical and hydraulic duty and turns the propeller shaft independently of the big GM. Using a gallon an hour, it will drive *Mitra* at six knots, five and a half knots faster than dredging speed. Thanks to a huge desalinator, which eliminates the need for big water tanks, and her 1000-gallon fuel tanks, *Mitra* has a cruising range that can strain the wine cellar.

The lab is between the deckhouse and cockpit, a step up from the cockpit and down from the deck-

house, to prevent water from sloshing into the lab from the cockpit. Sliding glass doors deflect "the terrible pong" of bottom goo and overripe animals from the adjacent living quarters.

In the mollusk study business, the approximately \$400,000 *Mitra* is certainly among the most sophisticated research vessels afloat. With this technological help, Paine and crew very likely will make sound

In the mollusk study business, Mitra is among the most sophisticated research vessels afloat.

scientific contributions by compiling raw data for today's research and establishing benchmarks for tomorrow's. Their surveys will specify exactly where a specimen was found, at what depth and temperature, in what turbidity and salinity, on what sort of bottom, in what sort of flora, at what time of day and year and, particularly, in whose company. This information is the foundation of natural science. Lack of this data is why the value of so many old collections has been reduced from

scientific treasure to curio.

Paine believes few mollusks are truly rare. Rather, he thinks that the conditions in which some animals thrive are so specialized that they are hard to find and in some cases nearly impossible to locate and study with traditional equipment. If Paine's theories are correct, and if his special gear works as he hopes, he may find rare species in quantity, or species thought to be extinct, or even creatures new to science.

Paine will try several ways to bring up his prey. He'll try traps of his own design and nets developed by native Philippine fishermen that have brought up numerous previously unknown species. These nets simply lie on the bottom, very deep, until the animals crawl in. But of all this equipment, the dredge is *Mitra's* soul. In sleepy fishing villages and working harbors, her dredge—surprising as it looks on this slick piece of boat—will gain her welcome wherever watermen tie up. This particular dredge does what others do not. With encircling runners, it slides along the bottom either side up. Because of its rounded front edge and extremely light weight, it moves around obstacles instead of through them. Light as it is, the dredge delivers to the surface animals that a child could crush. It is Paine's own design, and the book he may write on its use might well earn him his footnote in natural history.

Beyond doubt a passage from Edward Forbes's "Song of the Dredge" will be on the frontispiece of that book. Engraved now on a plaque in *Mitra's* deckhouse, it is from those nineteenth-century days Paine is so fond of, when kings and princes sent adventurers to poke through the noble muck:

*Hurrah for the dredge with its iron edge
And its mystical triangle
And its hidden net with meshes set
Odd fishes to entangle!
The ship may move thro' waves above
'Mid scenes exciting wonder,
But braver sights the dredge delights
As it roves the water under. □*

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82' Maxi Sloop
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40' Sloop
142' Motor Yacht
148' Motor Yacht
65' Motor Yacht
82' Motor Yacht
43' Sloop
147' Motor Yacht
42' Son/Water Sloop
100' Motor Yacht
154' Motor Yacht
82' Maxi Sloop
52' Sloop
68' Ketch
103' Motor Yacht
50' Power Catamaran
40' Sloop
98' Motor Yacht
71' Motor Yacht
70' Ketch
110' Motor Yacht
72' Motor Yacht
110' Motor Yacht
131' Motor Yacht
87' Sportfisher
147' Motor Yacht
57' Motor Yacht
91' Motor Yacht
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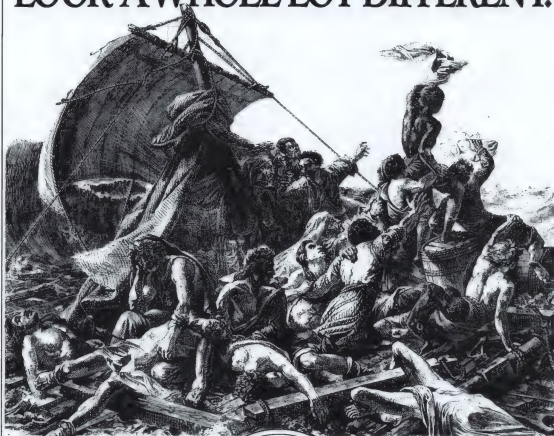
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Bimini Kill

by John D. MacDonald

I don't like it, Vince," Nan was saying. "I don't like any part of it. It scares me, sort of. But he actually begged me, for old times' sake, and the lawyer said I ought to give him a last chance before I start the divorce thing."

It was a Sunday afternoon in Lauderdale in the off season, a hot and lazy day, and I had been aboard my joy and my mortgaged burden, my three-year-old Bertram 54 sport fisherman, the *Faraway Gal*, when Nan Brogan had come out onto the big dock and stepped aboard.

I was just back from a long charter, and I had been putting the lines and the gear back in first class shape. I was reassembling one of the big marlin reels when Nan appeared. Now she sat on the transom in the sunlight and touched the opened can of cold beer to her cheek and looked at me in a wry way and said, "So I guess I'm asking you for old times' sake too, Vince."

It is a sour thing to endure when your girl marries someone else, particularly when you know in your heart she is making a mistake. The cruel ones said she married Yates Brogan for his money, but I knew that wasn't true. She thought she loved him, I know. And it was partly my fault for having taken her too much for granted before Yates came along, and then, out of injured pride, putting up no fight at all when I saw her being attracted to him. But the worst part of it was watching how the two years of marriage had slowly changed her, had taken the sweet high edge off her spirits, had saddened her dark blue eyes.

"I'll do it," I said. "I won't like it any better than you will, Nan. But

I'll do it. And I can use the five hundred bucks I'll charge him for the transportation."

It was exactly the sort of twisted, tension-laden situation you would expect a man like Yates Brogan to cook up. He knew Nan was my girl before he came into her life. The only good thing I can find to say about him is that he is a superb sailor. His custom motorsailer, the *Reefcomber*, is a jewel to take your breath away, and he has taken her to most of the fine waters of the world. He has inherited money and has never done one day's work in his life. He has always had a bottle problem and a woman problem, and marriage to my Nan had not lessened either of them. After they were married, Brogan based the *Reefcomber* in Lauderdale so Nan could be near her folks. They lived aboard and took extended cruises out of Lauderdale, usually with some of Brogan's hard-living friends aboard. I had seen her after those cruises, looking more dispirited each time they returned.

The final ugliness had taken place in Nassau a month ago, and she had left him there and flown home to begin divorce proceedings. Apparently he didn't believe her serious until the first legal document had caught up with him at Bimini. Then last week he had left the *Reefcomber* there and flown back to talk her out of it.

"It's just his darn pride," Nan said. "I'm not after a penny of his money. We don't love each other any more. I'm just sort of a possession, somebody a little bit decorative who can handle the lines and chart a course and take a wheel shift. Nothing is going to change

my mind, Vince. But, in all decency, I guess I have to give him a chance to speak his piece."

Yates Brogan had found out I was running over to Bimini on Monday to pick up a charter there, and he wanted me to run him and Nan over so he could bring Nan back on the *Reefcomber*.

"Why doesn't he just ask you to fly over with him?" I asked her.

She sighed and shrugged. "I don't know. Yates likes everything as complicated as possible. I guess he thinks it gives him an advantage or something. He thrives on confusion. But he's acting very strange. Maybe it's a silly thing to say, but I have the feeling he might do some strange, violent thing. Anyway, I know I'll feel safer with you nearby."

"I won't be nearby aboard the *Reefcomber*, Nan."

"By then I'll either be over this scary feeling about him or I won't. He wants to bring her back across the stream on Wednesday. Your charter starts Tuesday morning, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"And because of Chet being in the hospital, you're going to pick up a Bahamian to crew for you after you get into Bimini, aren't you?"

I was puzzled, wondering what she was driving at. "That's right."

Her blush darkened her deep-water tan. "So . . . to sort of add injury to insult, Vince, could . . . Johnny Welch crew for you on the way across? Then he'd be there in Bimini if I decided not to come back with Yates, and Yates tried to force me to come with him."

Maybe it could be a good thing to watch your girl's marriage going sour if you had the comfortable



knowledge you were going to be there to pick up the pieces. And I would have been glad to. I've never loved anybody else, and I never will. But I had been off on a long charter at the wrong time, and Johnny Welch had been there to field the rebound.

"Crew for me!" I said with disgust.

She knew what I meant. Johnny is a big hearty young man, a local realtor with various land development interests. A few times in the past I had taken him and some of his hot prospects out to fish the stream. Few men have ever been as inept aboard a small boat. That was one world he could not share—a world that Yates Brogan, Nan and I belonged in, a world of boats and the sea, the textures of wind and weather.

"Not for pay," Nan said, "but Yates wouldn't have to know that. Actually, it was Johnny's idea. He's terribly nervous about this whole idea. He wants to be near me. And I guess I would . . . like to have him near me. I know Johnny is an idiot about boats; he can't pick up a line without getting it all wound around his ankles. But . . . I'm not as intolerant of the lubbers as I used to be, Vince. Yates has given me a new kind of . . . sickness of the sea. Maybe it won't ever be the same for me again."

Just as I thought the tears might start, she moved neatly and swiftly to collect my empty beer can and climb up onto the dock to drop it and hers into the white trash bin. She dropped lightly back onto the broad transom, a smallish girl in blue shorts and a white blouse, with frayed old topsiders, a sea tan, cropped black hair that I knew would smell fresh as ocean winds if

I could but hold her in my arms as I had done long ago and could never do again. This was a sea girl, a small-boat girl, moving with the sureness that could but accentuate the lurching clumsiness of powerful Johnny Welch.

"You don't really mean that," I told her.

"I guess not. But it will take a while. I won't give you a play by play. I'll spare you that. But it's been . . . grim. I tried to make it work, Vince. I keep telling myself that. I really tried. What about Johnny?"

I shrugged. "He can come along. Makes a cozy little group, huh?"

She knew what I meant and had the grace to blush. The old boyfriend—dating from way back when she had been a scrawny sun-blackened twelve-year-old who'd helped me sail my first boat—and the man she shouldn't have married and the new boyfriend, the one who had been there for her to lean on at just the right time.

"Things work out in such stupid ways," she said. "I'm very sorry about the way things have worked out, Vince. You're the most . . ."

"Don't tell me now. How will Johnny react to your coming back on the Reefcomber with Brogan?"

"Maybe I'm hoping he just won't let me. And maybe I'm making things just a little more complicated than Yates figured on. And I don't catch him off balance very often. So I'm taking a nasty feline pleasure in that. What time tomorrow, Vince?"

"Miami Marine says the wind will pick up in the afternoon, so let's roll it by seven."

When she left I watched her walk shoreward along the dock and saw her wave a couple of times to friends who called to her. I finished putting the reel back together, cursing Yates Brogan and Johnny Welch and that stupid restraint of mine that had at last landed me in the hopeless category of treasured friend to the woman I love.

I visited Chet in the hospital at eight o'clock that evening. The crisp white pillow made his chunky face look as red as old bricks. They were going to take out his appendix

*You've got no
permission to come
aboard, Brogan.
You hired a ride and
the ride's over.*

in the morning. We'd hoped to be able to wait until we were between charts, but this last time it had acted up just enough to alarm both of us a little.

"By Thursday," he said, "I fly over and go to work."

"So a marlin is a little green when it comes to gaff, and you pop open."

"So I run the Gal and you handle the fish."

"It would confuse the charter, boy. I'm the skill and you're the muscle."

"Skill? Who was it busted the piling at Frazier's Hog Key?"

I got off that painful subject by telling him about the passengers I'd have the next day. Chet whistled through his broken tooth. "Don't get too far from a marlin spike, Cap. Keep your mind on where the shark rifle is stowed. Brogan is a nut, and he's mean. Why'd you let yourself in for a deal like that?"

"For laughs," I said.

He looked at me, and I knew he knew why I'd agreed. He knew there was nothing Nan couldn't ask of me. "Sure," he said. "For laughs." He grinned. "Lash Johnny to a cleat so he can't fall overboard before you clear the sea buoy."

After I'd wished him luck he let me get as far as the door before he asked sternly, "You take that number three reel down?"

"Yes."

"The drag is smooth now?"

"Seems to be."

"Find some fish, Vince."

"I'll be looking."

"And . . . don't let her bother you too much, hear?"

"I'm just running the boat."

Yates Brogan was first aboard Monday morning. I had the coffee on, and I'd just finished making up

my bunk. He tossed his duffelbag in onto the bunk. He's tall and hard, but the liquor has started to blur the hawk-lines of his face. I could smell the drink on him, and his eyes weren't quite in focus, but he was steady on his feet.

"Good morning, Vincent," he said in his mocking way. "You should be very happy to help such a deserving couple find their way back to bliss."

"I'm going to Bimini. You're paying for the ride."

"Surly in the early? I've paid for it, lad," he said, tucking ten fifties into my shirt pocket. "I thought you had a sentimental interest in the lady."

"Knock it off, Brogan."

"Nan just gets a little too impulsive sometimes. And then it doesn't do a bit of good to knock her around. You have to reason with her and talk soft and sweet."

As I was wondering if I could knock him all the way up onto the dock or if he'd drop between the boat and the pilings of the finger slip, he looked beyond me and the grin slid off his face.

"What the hell," he said softly.

I turned and saw Nan and Johnny coming toward us. Johnny looked flushed, indignant and uncomfortable. Nan said good morning with icy formality. I took her gear. Johnny tried to come aboard with his after Nan was aboard and managed to hook a toe in my spring line and narrowly avoided landing flat on his face in the cockpit. As he recovered his balance, Brogan said, "Upsy daisy, pal. Back on the dock. The passenger list is complete."

"Welch isn't a passenger," I said. "He's crewing for me."

Brogan turned and looked at me, and then he looked at Nan. He made a short ugly laughing sound and said, "Nice! Very cute, dear wife. Very conspiratorial. But what good will it do you?"

"Listen to me, Brogan!" Johnny said bravely.

"Please, dear boy. Not on an empty stomach."

As Brogan turned away from him, Welch started to follow him, his big freckled fists clenched. "Get

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the lines, Welch," I told him, and swung up to the flying bridge and kicked the two big GM 1271 TIs into rumbling life. I peered down and saw Welch making ineffectual motions while Nan was deftly taking in the lines. Brogan was pouring himself some coffee and looking amused. Welch's next error was to try to shove us off, a type of assistance I do not need when I'm at the dual throttles of the *Faraway Gal*. I slid the stern away from the pilings just as he started to push, and if he hadn't caught the base of an outrigger, he'd have gone over the side then and there. Brogan laughed at him, too long and too loud.

We left the big marina, went down the waterway and under the bridge and out through the pass into the Atlantic. As soon as I'd cleared the tide chop just outside the pass, Nan came up with coffee for me.

"Lovely morning," she said with no conviction.

"Lovely people." Brogan had moved forward along the boat deck as soon as we had begun to run dry beyond the chop, and he sat on the bow hatch looking forward, sipping his coffee. Johnny Welch sat slumped, gloomy, inert in the port fighting chair staring back toward the mainland. Neither of them could hear what we were saying.

"Yates is furious," Nan said. "Maybe he thought he could really talk me into changing my mind. But as soon as he saw Johnny, he knew it wouldn't work."

"Take it a minute," I said. I left my coffee there and went down and estimated how much to allow for the movement of the stream and the southeast wind in relation to cruising speed, and kicked it into automatic pilot. It held just where I wanted it the first time. I moved the starboard engine up a few revolutions to put it in better sync, and the course still held true. Then I went back up to my coffee and my ex-girl and the dazzle of the morning sun and the incredible indigo of the Gulf Stream, the skitter of flying fish, the long swells, the limber flex of the outriggers—all the components of my world, which on this

day gave me no pleasure.

I ran at the most economical cruising speed, which would give us Bimini in four hours. Nan went down to the galley and fixed breakfast. I ate only because she had fixed it. Johnny Welch ate hugely. Nan nibbled. Yates Brogan refused food. He took more coffee, spiking it with black rum from a bottle out of his dufflebag, giving me a white meaningless smile as he did so. After Nan had cleaned up, Yates took her up on the bow. I sat on the transom splicing a new loop into one of my dock lines to replace one that had become frayed. I could hear little wisps of the angry discussion, fragmented words blown past me by the wind, muffled by the engine drone. I knew Johnny could hear it too. We avoided each other's eyes.

Yates came back to the cockpit, unsmiling. As he went to pour more coffee and rum I stood up and looked forward. She sat up there, her back to me, and I could tell from her posture that she was crying. I sat down and continued working on the splice.

"Stop bullying her, Yates," Johnny Welch said.

Yates came to stand near me and stare at Welch. "You touch my heart, boy. That woman is my wife."

"Not for long."

"And you're standing by? You're next in line? Johnny boy, are you sure she's worth what I could do to you?"

Welch stared at him with a kind of dull wonder. Johnny is almost an all-American boy, except perhaps a shade too meaty, and with promise of becoming bald too soon. "What kind of an idea is that?"

"I might get cross with you, Johnny. I've looked you up. I could buy up some paper from people who'd be glad to sell. I could squeeze you, and it wouldn't take much of a squeeze, would it?"

"You can't scare me, Brogan."

"I can't? I've made you look highly nervous." He turned to me. "Skipper, can I ride in your tuna tower?"

"Please don't slip and fall, Brogan."

He went up nimbly, a man accustomed to masts, rigging and the swing and dip of the sea. He sat up there and we could hear him singing.

"I don't care what he tries to do to me," Johnny said. "I don't want him to hurt Nan. I think he's crazy. I think he could do anything. I don't think he knows what he's going to do next. Nobody ever walked out on him before."

"Whatever happens, you be good to her, Johnny."

He stared at me, a decent, somewhat bovine young man. "Sure, Vince. You know I will. Sure."

At a little after eleven we went in over the bar and into Bimini harbor. The upcoming tuna tournament had packed the place with sport fishermen. I moved the length of the harbor at dead slow and tucked it into my dock reservation, made my mooring and went to the office to check on my charter. There was a message for me saying my people wouldn't arrive until noon of the next day. When I went back to the *Faraway Gal*, my three passengers were gone. I was hosing the salt off her when Brogan appeared.

"Where'd they go?" he demanded.

"Nan and Johnny? I haven't the faintest idea."

He gave me a long ugly look, then turned on his heel and walked away. I watched him walk to the next dock, and I recognized the *Reefcomber* in the second slip. He hopped aboard and disappeared.

Friends of mine started coming over to say hello and exchange gossip and trade news, but I was alone and eating a cheese sandwich when Yates Brogan came back, a little bit unsteady on his feet this time.

"You seen 'em yet?"

"No."

"Their gear still aboard?"

"Yes."

"Hand me up her stuff. I'll take it aboard the *Reefcomber*."

"That would be up to her."

"Hand it up here, or I'm coming aboard and get it."

"You've got no permission to come aboard, Brogan. You hired a ride and the ride's over. Come aboard, and I'll heave you over the

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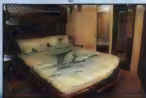
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side."

He looked so indecisive, I half turned away from him. I saw the movement out of the corner of my eye as he launched himself into the air, and I turned back in time to get such a monstrous thump in the mouth it spun the sky, blinded my eyes and dropped me belly-down across the starboard rail. By the time I had rejoined reality, he was clambering up onto the dock with Nan's kit. I lurched and caught him by the ankle. He pulled free but fell sprawling. It gave me time to get up onto the dock as he came to his feet, and I settled into the business of knocking him loose from that white grin.

We attracted a large noisy audience, appreciative of this special entertainment. He hit me well a few times, enough to loosen my knees, but I shook the mists out of my head and kept my arms going and soon felt the sweet solidity of impact from knuckles to elbow. He went down with the grin and came up with the grin, and went down without it and came up without it, and then went sprawling back wildly and off the dock, missing the stern of the *Faraway Gal* as he went into that harbor water, so clear that you can read every word on the labels of the more recently jettisoned cans, nine feet deep. I saw him start to swim slowly toward a dock ladder. I sat on the edge of the dock and leaned forward to drip the random blood into the water, exploring damage with the tip of my tongue, gasping for air.

Nan was kneeling beside me, her hand sweet on my shoulder, her voice tender in my ear, "Oh Vince. Vince, dear, he hurt you!"

"Wanted your gear," I said thickly. "Tried to take it. Bring me the hose."

She brought the nozzle and turned it on. I ran the water over my head. She brought me a towel from my boat, and I left some pink smears on it when I swabbed my face, but the bleeding was about over. I looked over and saw Brogan, sopping wet, boarding the *Reefcomber*. He didn't hop aboard. He went aboard like an old old man, and I took a certain satisfaction in

that.

Our audience dispersed. I stood up. Nan stood as tall as she could, and her eyes were that brighter blue that happens when she is angry. "This was the dumbest thing I ever did! I'm going to tell him right now, right this minute, that I wouldn't go back to him if he . . . if he only had one more hour to live. And the only thing I want from him is to be left alone."

She started marching toward the *Reefcomber*. Johnny started after her. I caught him by the arm.

"But he might hurt her!"

"Let her do it her way."

"Don't you give a damn, Vince?"

run from him. We won't take a plane back until tomorrow, Johnny. He's started drinking already. He'll either pass out or do something foolish. Johnny, you find a place ashore. I'll stay aboard if I may, Vince."

"Now wait a minute!" Johnny said.

"It's okay with me, Nan. You can lock the cabin. I can use the forward hatch to the crew quarters. If that makes you nervous, Welch, you can bunk in with me."

He looked uneasy. "No. No, that's okay."

Brogan didn't appear again. Johnny found a place ashore and came

*He hit me well a few times,
enough to loosen my knees, but I
shook the mists out of my head
and kept my arms going.*

"Stay out of it, Johnny."

"But this isn't the way to do it. She should make him understand. People can . . . separate in a reasonable way."

"Brogan isn't a very reasonable guy."

I think she was in the cabin of the *Reefcomber* for fifteen minutes, and I don't think Johnny or I took our eyes off that boat for more than ten seconds at a time. I heard Johnny's sigh when she reappeared and came walking back to us at a much slower pace.

She did not speak or focus on either of us as I helped her aboard. She sat and looked at nothing and said in a small voice, "This time he believed me."

"About time," I said.

"He took it very badly. He said I would be very very sorry, and Johnny would be very very sorry for doing this to him. His face is all banded up."

I looked at my puffed fists. I was not surprised.

She looked up at me. "I will not

back. The three of us had drinks aboard, and then in the blue Bimini dusk we walked down the narrow main street and had dinner at the Big Game Fishing Club. We were all trying to make the effort to be festive, but it didn't quite come off. Johnny laughed too loudly at nothing. Nan seemed distracted. I kept wondering if it was worse to lose a girl the second time than the first time. I knew that after the tensions and cruelties of the relationship with Brogan, she felt she needed the quiet devotion of a Johnny Welch.

Johnny walked back to the dock with us. All the boats were in, and most of them were lighted. We heard the laughter of women, heard some amateur guitar, some slightly drunken harmony and music from several radios. We had a nightclub beer under the stars and pointedly avoided mentioning Brogan. His motorsailer was dark. Nan said good night to us and closed herself into the cabin. Shortly after her light went out, Johnny said good-

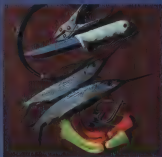
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night and left. I sat with my dreary thoughts and outworn dreams for a little while, then went forward and lowered myself into the crew compartment. After I was in the bunk I was all too aware of her presence on the other side of the bulkhead, with her head perhaps ten inches from mine and her heart ten thousand miles from mine. As I was moving closer to sleep I heard the wind freshen and felt the increased motion of the boat and heard the creak of lines and chafing gear. It was out of the east and would grow stronger.

I could not guess how many people were awakened by her first scream. But by the third she must have had one hundred percent attention. I got to her a moment after the third spine-chilling scream. I was convinced Brogan had gotten to her and was killing her. I yanked on a pair of shorts, grabbed my sheath knife and tried the intercom door. It was locked on her side. I went up through the hatch so fast I gouged a piece of meat out of my shoulder. I erupted into a cool grey world which paled the dock lights. The sky was pink in the east. The screams had started roosters crowing, dogs barking.

She was in the cockpit, staring toward the *Reefcomber*, her fists against her throat, her eyes bulging with shock and hysteria. She wore slacks and a cotton coolie jacket. I looked where she was looking, and I did not take the time to cuff the hysteria out of her. I went up onto the dock and toward the *Reefcomber* at a dead run, and the closer I got to him, the more unpleasant he looked. The *Reefcomber* moved in the east wind, and he swayed with each movement, swayed at the end of the short length of nylon line. I went up on the trunk cabin, clasped one arm around his thighs, severed the line with one slash, caught his full weight and brought him down to the deck. As I was doing it, I kept wondering why I could not force myself to move more slowly, more clumsily.

The half-inch nylon had bitten deeply into the flesh of his throat. I worked the slipknot loose and

pulled the loop off over his head. I rolled him onto his back and began artificial respiration, but I knew from the feel of the body of Yates Brogan that he was irrevocably dead. Hoarse questions were shouted. People gathered around. A fat man in pink pyjamas identified himself as a doctor and immediately confirmed the fact of death.

I went back to my boat. It was getting lighter every minute. I heard Nan sobbing. I looked in on her. She was face down on the bunk. I went below and sat next to

Suicide is troublesome, but in Bimini tuna is king.

her. She turned and looked up at me. "He's dead." It was more statement than question.

"Yes."

"I . . . I woke up and I couldn't go back to sleep. I couldn't stop thinking about . . . everything. So I came out to watch . . . the sun come up. The first time I glanced over there, I didn't see him. I just got the feeling something was wrong. I looked again and then I saw . . . what it was."

"There's a doctor there. He says it happened maybe a couple of hours ago."

"What a mess! What a dreadful mess!"

I shrugged. "It simplifies a lot of things, doesn't it?"

"Don't be so callous, Vince."

"I'm being honest. He wasn't one of my favorite people. I won't miss him a bit."

She sat on the edge of the bunk, frowning. "I thought he'd do some crazy thing. But I didn't think it would be that."

"So instead of a divorce, you're a widow. And pretty well off."

"I won't touch it! Not a dime of it!" She looked speculatively at me. "I suppose he left some vile note of

farewell."

"I don't know. I didn't look."

"I'm sorry I went to pieces. But . . ."

"You don't have to explain or apologize, Nan. You know that."

Johnny appeared at eight o'clock. When he heard what had happened he turned pale and sweaty and sat down abruptly, his mouth sagging.

The Bahamian officials appeared a little after nine. Three men, two of them young, two of them in uniform. They questioned us together and separately. Brogan had left no suicide note. They seemed most curious about the fact of the public brawl I'd had with Brogan. The spelling out of the relationship between Brogan, Nan and Johnny seemed to pain them. And they acted very weary, as though they could see an endless wilderness of forms, red tape and complex documents ahead of them. Suicide is incorrect and troublesome.

We were told more investigators would fly in from Nassau, and we could expect a visitation of reporters from Nassau as well as the States. Nan and Johnny were politely requested to remain in Bimini until officially released. By then perhaps Mrs. Brogan could arrange to have the *Reefcomber* taken back to Lauderdale, its port of registry.

Suicide is troublesome, but in Bimini tuna is king. I would be permitted to fulfill my charter.

After the questioning I lined up a good boy to crew for me and set him to work acquiring the bait fish we would need. Nan and Johnny had gone off into town. I felt restless. I looked over at the *Reefcomber*. For once there was no one standing on the dock staring at where a man had died. I sauntered over and stood and figured out how he had done it. He had stood atop the trunk cabin and put the noose around his neck and reached as high as he could to tie the other end of the line to a stay and then had stepped off.

The line still hung where I had slashed it apart, and the breeze had unraveled the end of it into an Irish pennant.

I stared at that clean white line.

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Suddenly the world had a entirely different look. In the midmorning silence I heard Nan's voice. I turned and saw her with Johnny. He went into the dockmaster's office. She came walking toward me.

She came up to me. "Vince . . . you have such a strange look." I could not speak. I pointed at the end of the line. "What do you mean, Vince. What am I supposed to . . . Oh!"

It took her as long to see it as it had me. Her fingers closed convulsively around my wrist. The color went out of her face so that her tan looked yellowish and sickly. She moistened her lips. "Even . . . even when Yates was so drunk you couldn't understand a word he said, he would never never . . ."

"I know. It would be the same with you or with me."

Then she said in a very small voice, "Johnny has been telling me it would be childish not to accept the money."

"What's going on?" Johnny Welch asked, cheerfully enough. We both turned and stared at him. He was alien, a creature of the land, whereas we were of both the land and the sea, with skills he would never know. Johnny's face changed. "What's the matter with you two?"

In a voice which did not seem like my own, I said, "Was he so drunk he wasn't any problem, or did you have to hit him? You could safely hit him. I left enough marks on him so one more wouldn't be noticed."

"What the hell are you talking about, Vince?"

"About murder. For love and money. Maybe mostly money. You aren't in very good shape, are you?"

"Are you accusing me of killing him?"

"You came back in the night, after everybody had settled down for the night. You hoisted him up onto that trunk cabin. Then I think you made the line fast, made a loop in the other end, lifted him up, worked the noose around his neck and let him fall free."

"Nan, he's talking nonsense! Why are you looking at me like that?"

I took a small gamble. "Somebody saw you do it, Johnny. Those Bi-

mini cops are on their way back here, looking for you."

For a moment he smiled. Then his face went blank. He turned away and began to run, with a frantic, ludicrous, hopeless haste, like an overweight kid being chased across a schoolyard. We watched him run over the grass, past the swimming pool and out through the open gate into the road and disappear. There was no need to follow him. Bimini is a small island.

Nan sagged heavily against me for a girl so small. I put my arm around her. I took her slowly back to the *Faraway Gal*.

I had them call the officials back. I took them to the *Reefcomber* and showed them the frayed line. I told them how Johnny had run when I had tricked him. They nodded. They accepted the evidence of the line because they were men who lived close to the sea and knew boats and lines, and they came to the same conclusion as Nan and I had. The line was the evidence, and his flight was the confession.

When a child is learning to tie a square knot and makes the second loop the wrong way, the result is an awkward, untrustworthy knot, one that is a symbol of scorn among seafaring people. And a seaman like Yates Brogan, no matter how fumbling drunk he might have been, how depressed or how suicidal, would never have made the hangman rope fast with a granny knot.

Every ending is, of course, a beginning. They caught him, and he confessed and was convicted and sentenced. I had good charts and killed big fish and kept up the payments on the *Faraway Gal*. Each time we came back to our home dock, I called on Nan. It took a time of mending and forgetting, but one time, at last, she was waiting for me, and I knew from her eyes the big wheel had turned all the way around, all the way back to our beginning, so that now the only regret we have is for the time we lost, and that is only a faint regret nowadays because life is as rich as the sea itself, and she has come back to the sea with a sound heart, love in her eyes and a sweetness of lips. □

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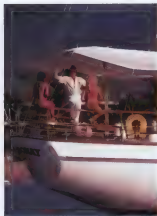
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PHIL UHL'S HAWAII



In 1971, even though Phil Uhl had never been to Hawaii, he bought himself a one-way ticket. Except for the usual fantasies of palm trees and beaches, he knew only that Hawaii's weather was warm and the sailing was good. But this was just what he wanted. Raised on the cold shores of Lake Erie, he planned to sail and paint. Uhl began photographing subjects to paint and soon decided he preferred his camera to his easel. His work quickly centered on his passion, sailing.

Uhl now spends as many as six months of the year photographing races all around the world. He also works in other visual arts, including painting, graphic art and now filmmaking. "White on Water," the documentary that he co-produced about the San Francisco Big Boat Series, won an Emmy in 1978. But whatever else Uhl does, he always returns to photography; and Hawaii and its waters remain favored subjects.

Photographing boats and their crews in Hawaii is a real test of ingenuity and skill because Hawaii's wind and light, the very elements that draw sailors and other visitors, are the photographer's greatest challenges. "The wind is constant here, and the seas are always dramatic," Uhl says. "Camera movement and balance are the trickiest parts of shooting. In lighter air you can anticipate your shots. With these heavy winds and the huge ground swell, boats and people are in constant motion."

The light in Hawaii is unlike any on the mainland. For a camera, Hawaii's harsh unfiltered light creates acute technical problems. "You need special ways to handle the intensity of light here—waiting for a cloud, overexposing the film, or shooting early in the morning or at dusk, when the atmosphere filters the sun—then the light is perfect. You get clear shots and intense colors that are not possible in other places."

As an environment for his work, Hawaii is proving to be everything Uhl fantasized about—and more. It is a place filled with a unique mixture of people and cultures. The physical beauty of the islands surrounds him as he had never expected. "I have mountains and water constantly in view, whichever way I look," he says. "The more I get to know it, the more I grow to love Hawaii."





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Sunset Beach and the Ala Moana Yacht Basin channel (inset).









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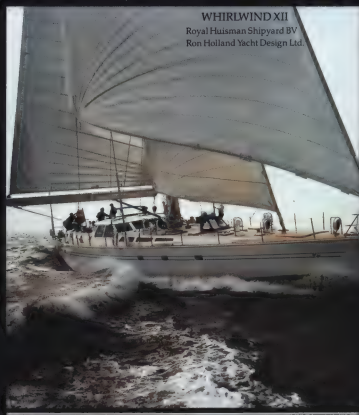
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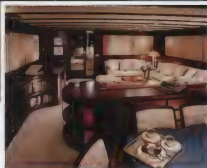
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Beam: 22'

Draft: 6'

Year: 1970

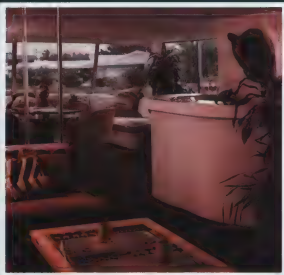
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The 110-foot *Never Say Never* is truly a spaceship in design. She provides an owner's stateroom on main deck level and three guest staterooms on the lower deck level - all with private bath, TV, VCR and stereo throughout. Crew's quarters on the lower deck incorporate separate captain's cabin and quarters for the crew of four. Other luxuries include an outside hot tub, observation and sun lounge, jet skis, windsurfer and diving equipment.

CRUISING GROUND
NEW ENGLAND
CARIBBEAN
FLORIDA

NUMBER OF
STATEROOMS 4

CREW 5

LENGTH OVERALL 110'
BEAM 24'
SPEED 34 KNOTS

EQUIPMENT SAT NAV
SAT COMM
WEATHERFAX



"Parts VI"

This 150-foot jet-powered *Oceanfast* is a sumptuously-appointed Jon Bannenberg design. She has six staterooms - each with TV, VCR, stereo, private bath and some include hot tub. *Parts VI* offers many other luxuries such as heliport, steam room/sauna, sun lounge, observation lounge and large TV room. Also available are windsurfers, jet skis and diving equipment.

CRUISING GROUND
AUSTRALIA
FLORIDA
CARIBBEAN
NEW ENGLAND

NUMBER OF
STATEROOMS 6

CREW 8

LENGTH OVERALL 150'
BEAM 27'
SPEED 30 KNOTS

EQUIPMENT SAT NAV
SAT COMM
WEATHERFAX
2 TENDERS
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Beam: 20' 6"
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Water: 425 gals.
Power: Up to 2 x 1300 hp
Cruise: Up to 32 mph



Eagle Series 72' Sportfisherman

L.O.A: 72'
Beam: 19' 6"
Fuel: 2500 gals.
Water: 900 gals.
Power: 2 x 900 hp
Cruise: 24 mph



Eagle Series 72' Motor Yacht

L.O.A: 82'
Beam: 19' 6"
Fuel: 3200 gals.
Water: 900 gals.
Power: 2 x 900 hp
Cruise: 26 mph



Eagle Series 82' Cockpit Motor Yacht

L.O.A: 100'
Beam: 23'
Fuel: 5000 gals.
Water: 1500 gals.
Power: Up to 2 x 1600 hp
Cruise: Up to 26 mph



Eagle Series 100' Cockpit Motor Yacht

L.O.A: 110'
Beam: 24'
Fuel: 6000 gals.
Water: 2500 gals.
Power: Up to 2 x 1600 hp
Cruise: Up to 25 mph



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